THE AMOURS OF THE Sultana of *Barbary*.

i.e. Dutchess of Portsmouth

A NOVEL.

IN TWO PARTS.

The Story finiſh'd.

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THE AMOURS OF THE Sultana of *Barbary*.

The First Part.

ACMAT (the Grand Signior) who ſucceeded *Mahomet* III. was the beſt-made Man in his whole Empire. He was tall, had a goodly Meen, full of Majeſty and Grandeur; his Eyes were black, large, and roll'd with a ſparkling Fire: The Air of his Face was noble and commanding.

× *Charles 2d. K. of England*

and whenever he ſpoke, it ſoftned into a thouſand Sweetneſſes; His Soul was much more agreeable than his Perſon, though it was a receiv'd opinion, it was not to his Quality he owed the number of thoſe that called him the goodlieſt Man that had been formed. He was exactly made for a great Lover and a fine Gentleman; his Succeſs amongſt the Ladies made it evident, and the care he took to make his Court to the fair Sex had been ſeldom in vain.

× *Indamora*, by him created Sultana of *Barbary*, had found how to fix his Heart; for though he had continued ſome years amorous of the fair *Homira*, ⁂ to whom he gave the Title of Sultana, yet had a thouſand Paſſions intervened, and ſhe was conſtrained to ſuffer Rivals; yet ſhe retained the Sovereignity, and the great *Acmat* held himſelf obliged to be conſtant to none but her; till Time, which perfects all things, let him ſee that *Homira* did not deſerve ſo much from him, and that *Amurath*, a private Gentle-

× Louise de Querouaille Dutchess of Portsmouth
⁂ Barbara Villiers Dss of Cleveland

Gentleman, but beautiful as an Angel, poſſeſt the favourable Inclinations of that Sultana, whileſt the Sultan had nothing but her Perſon, and that too but in part.

She was tall, and had an unexpreſſible Grandeur accompanied all ſhe did; her Eyes were beyond the power of being defined, her whole Features admirable, and one of the fineſt made Faces that had perhaps ever been ſeen. She deſerved the Epithet of a great Beauty, and exceeded what is properly called ſo.

'Tis a truth, ſhe had loved the Sultan before he was ſo; but Ambition, which was her predominant Paſſion, (whileſt ſhe yet ſet ſome bounds to her Luxury) did not permit her to tell it him; but as ſoon as Deſtiny had determined the Fate of *Mahomet* III. and that *Acmat* was actual Poſſeſſor of the Ottoman Empire, ſhe made appear that the firſt day he could call the Scepter his, ſhe became his alſo.

Acmat very well ſaw he owed the Poſſeſſion of the Perſon of *Homira* (though not to her Inclinations) to his Crowns; and though he was accuſtomed never to let thoſe niceties diſturb him, yet he could have wiſht ſhe had not let the World ſee ſhe gave the Monarch what ſhe denied the Lover, ſince it carried this diſadvantage with it, an encouragement to all that adored her. It was very well ſeen her tranſporting deſires to pleaſe her ſelf; ſhe was extream ſenſual, and ſacrificed all things to Pleaſure; her Ambition was crowned, and all ſhe endeavours is to perſuade the Grand Signior of her tenderneſs, and to gratifie her Inclinations.

But that Reſtraint which ſhe for ſome years had put upon them, on purpoſe to ſecure the Eſteem of the Sultan, ſhe began to grow weary of; and ſhe abandoned her ſelf to almoſt all the vaſt number that adored her.

The Sultan, who paſſionately lov'd her, paſſed over Faults too groſs for any to continue in his favour that had been

been guilty of them, and was, beyond her expectation, (infinitely beyond her deserts) indulgent, would believe nothing to her disadvantage, and if he at all minded her of her ill conduct, it was after a manner so obliging as if he believed she could do nothing that deserved reproving.

It was much about this time when the young [×] *Amurath* came to Court. He had received from the Sultan that extream Grace, to kiss the Hand of the [*] Sultana Queen; he came to her Appartments in the *Seraglio* in order to it. The Queen was not yet come into the Chamber of Presence. *Homira* attended her there; and when the young *Amurath* appeared, she presently had designs upon his Heart. As for what concerned him, he was wholly amazed to see a Woman so perfectly beautiful as *Homira*: She was dress'd gloriously, and in so attractive a manner, that *Amurath*, hastily advancing, fell before her on his Knees, and treated her as if he had believed her the Sultana Queen,

× Mr. John Churchill afterwards Duke of Marlborough.

* Catherine of Portugal Queen Consort Cha. 2

(by the Majeſty of her Meen.) This ſo very well ſatisfied *Homira*'s humour, that ſhe was going to ſay ſomething very obliging to him, when that the Sultana Queen entring prevented her: She withdrew from the Preſence; and *Amurath* (when he came to Court, came with a deſign to eſtabliſh an intereſt there,) followed her as ſoon as he had ended his Court to the Sultana Queen.

This miſtake made a great noiſe, and was much for *Amurath*'s Advantage, *Homira* not much valuing a diſcreet Lover, but a paſſionate and a brave: 'tis true, he ran the riſque of the Sultan's diſpleaſure, but he was of opinion he ought to do no leſs, before he could be called to the poſſeſſion of ſo beautiful a Princeſs as *Homira*. He believed Writing to her was what he ought to do, and in that Conſideration he ſent her this Letter.

IF the Miſtake I made was for my diſadvantage, conſider, if you pleaſe, fair Homira, *if you are not a Queen, 'tis an Injuſtice done to your Merit; accuſe cruel Fortune, and not* Amurath, *who, were it in his power, would not delay making what he then believed you. Let me conjure you, fair Sultana, to permit me ſpeak with you this Evening at your own Appartments; for never was there one more adored you, (or more paſſionately deſired you to live with me as if you were aſſured of it) than*

Amurath.

Conſidering the Fame *Homira* had in the World, this Letter was not writ with too much precaution; but ſhe was of a great Quality (having married a very noble Turk) before ſhe had the Title of Sultana, which her being Miſtreſs to the Grand Signior acquired her, had ſhe been leſs kind ſhe had certainly been juſt to her Monarch; but her inclinations were fa-

Roger Palmer Earl of Castlemain

vourable, and her Ruin inevitable. She received the Letter with an unexpreſſible Joy, and with her accuſtomed manner of Writing when ſhe deſigns to oblige, ſhe made this return.

YOur miſtake was for me too glorious, and too advantagious to you to expect any thing beſides Acknowledgment; you were not formed ever to be diſappointed in any thing you deſire: The Sultan leaves me at 10 *a Clock; I will then expect you, to aſſure you, nor your Conduct nor your Perſon has diſpleaſed*

Homira.

Amurath failed not to be at the Aſſignation at the pointed hour; he found the Sultana as meltingly kind as ſhe had been to a great many others, but *Amurath* is more happy than all; ſhe will abandon thoſe ſhe before treated favourably, and will give her ſelf up entirely to her Sultan and her dear *Amurath*.

Whileſt

Whileſt *Homira* had thus diſpoſed of her ſelf, [x] *Muſtapha*, Brother to the Sultan, (matchleſs for Valour and Conduct) returned from gaining a glorious Victory. His Succeſs was alone derived from his Governing; and never was a great Prince a better Soldier: He had early all the experience of a brave General, and never could the great *Acmat* commit the Safety and the Glory of his Empires to a better Manager. Succeſs conſtantly followed all his Deſigns, and it was ſaid of him *He was the beſt of Soldiers and the beſt of Subjects*; nor did his warlike humour render him unfit for other things, he was a great Courtier and a great Statesman. *Homira* believed it her Intereſt to make him hers; ſhe employed all her Cunning to effect it, and though at firſt ſhe only deſigned him her Friend, ſhe at length (maugre her Paſſion for *Amurath*, and common Policy) reſolved him her Lover. It was impoſſible for her to fail, when ſhe endeavoured any thing of that na-

 ture,

James D. of York afterwards
James 2d K. of England

ture; yet the Prince was eaſily orecome with an opinion of her Love to him, and her dazling Charms: He took her to his Arms, and ſuffered himſelf to bury there the reflection of the Crime he committed in injuring a Brother ſuch as *Acmat* (and in ſuch a ſenſible manner.) In all probability *Muſtapha* had ever loved her, had he not learned by ſome what a Reputation ſhe had. His Inclinations are virtuous, and he could not endure to ſee himſelf fond of a Woman that deſerved rather Contempt. He loſt his eſteem for her, and was ſeeking for ſome Pretext to break with her without her ſeeing he deſired it: He believed it was beſt the Quarrel ſhould begin on her part, but whileſt he is at a loſs how to give her an occaſion of it, as if undeſignedly, there was an accident fell out that ever after made her his Enemy.

He was once in her Cabinet, and careſſing her with all the ſweetneſs imaginable, and on the point of receiving ſome teſtimonies of her Paſſion

ſion, when the Sultan entred. *Muſtapha* was ſurprized, and in a confuſed manner retired. *Acmat* was extreamly diſordered: He did not expect to find a Rival in the Prince his Brother; he ſaid little to the Sultana, but retired ill-humoured and irreſolved.

Muſtapha ſaw his Ruin inevitable, but endeavours muſt be uſed to prevent it, if poſſible: Either the Prince or the Sultana muſt be diſgraced. It was eaſy to be reſolved who ought to ſuffer. *Muſtapha* hated an ill Action, and yet unwilling as he was to ſacrifice *Homira*, he acknowledged her unworthy a place in the Sultan's eſteem, (how then one ſo large as ſhe poſſeſt in his heart?) He calls to his aid
× *Mahomet* Baſſa, Grand Viſier, who had raiſed *Homira* to what ſhe was; the Title of Sultana was given at his Deſire; ſhe had promiſed him her Favours if he could procure it for her. He was paſſionately in Love, and did what ſhe commanded; ſhe is the Sulta-

× George Villiers Duke of Buckingham

Sultana *Homira*, but very treacherous; ſhe denies to reward his Love and his Care, contemns him, and in a word uſes him ſo, that from her paſſionate Lover he became her moſt mortal Enemy. *Amurath* had been brought to Court by him, with a deſign to ruin this ungrateful: He had placed Spies on all her Actions, and was extreamly pleaſed, he could ſave *Muſtapha* from ruin by expoſing her. He bids the Prince endeavour his own ſafety; that if he were ſo fatally generous as to offer his own Life for ranſoming a faithleſs Womans, after ſuch a Sacrifice ſhe would but triumph over his Weakneſs. In ſhort, he diſpoſes the Prince to a Preſervation of himſelf. He was once informed by the Grand Viſier, that *Amurath* was then with *Homira*, *Mahomet* Baſſa tells him, that he ought not to neglect ſo favourable an opportunity of reconciling himſelf to the Sultan: *Muſtapha* goes then to the great *Acmat*, lets him ſee how ill he did to diſgrace him for an infamous

famous Woman, and purſuing that Point, brought the Grand Signior to liſten to him at length, and following that Advantage, with another, made him paſs to the Sultana's Lodgings, where *Amurath* was found with *Homira*, in a place the Sultan allowed none beſides himſelf to be in.

She being thus diſcovered, caſt her ſelf at the feet of her injured Monarch, but he was too ſenſibly touched at her perfidiouſneſs, to be moved at any thing ſhe could ſay or do: He left her drowned in deſpair, in anger and Grief, he carried *Muſtapha* with him from her Apartments, and began there to acquieſce with the Prince, and blame himſelf for loving an infamous Woman, and one that abandoned her ſelf to all ſorts of Criminal and Scandalous Paſſions; his Reſentments terminated in having no more eſteem for *Homira*, and in diſgracing *Amurath*.

The Grand Viſier was revenged on the Sultana *Homira*, the Sultan has left loving her, and, to all appearance, has intirely abandoned her, but he was not aſſured he ſhould do ſo for ever; *Mahomet* Baſſa was acquainted perfectly with his Humour, he forgets Injuries the ſooneſt of any Man alive, and might, perhaps, in favour of *Homira*, loſe the Remembrance of her Infamy. But *Mahomet* Baſſa will prevent that by all the ways can be thought on, there is a very fair[x] Chriſtian Slave taken, he ranſoms her, and places her with the Sultana Queen, in a Station ſo advantageous for his Deſigns, that as often as the Sultan came out of that ſide, he muſt of neceſſity ſee her; ſhe was of a good Stature, finely ſhaped, prettily turn'd and Gentile, her Face little, but all over Charms, fine ſweet Eyes, a pretty Mouth, good Teeth, and an Air ſo peculiar to herſelf, that tho' Detraction had very little to ſay of the reſt, yet that engaged beyond all things, ſo innocently ſweet, ſo guiltleſs of Cunning and deſign, and yet

[x] Dſ. of Portsmouth

yet none has more than ſhe, that the Sultan would often ſay, ſhe was a Miracle in nature; he loſes his Liberty as ſoon as he ſees her; he employs *Mahomet* Baſſa to tell her of the Conqueſt, and that ſhe might be aſſured the Ottoman Emperor was ready to lay his Crowns at her Feet, (as great a Monarch as he was,) if ſhe commanded it.

The Grand Viſier was full of Joy at the Succeſs that attended his Deſigns; he will know the Hiſtory, and the Quality, the Merit, as well as the Beauty, of his Captive, before he puts his Intereſt with hers; not but the Sultan's Approbation and Paſſion for her was enough to ſecure him; but he will know if he finds her ready to follow all he ſhall adviſe, if ſhe will, then he is the abſolute Monarch of the Sultan, ſince it was the Humour of that Monarch to let himſelf be govern'd by the Woman he loves, the Grand Viſier believes it neceſſary for his Deſigns, that he ſhould be acquainted

with the Life of *Indamora*, (for ſo was the fair Chriſtian call'd,) ſhe had confuſedly related to him ſome of the particulars when he firſt ranſomed her, but that does not ſatisfie, he goes to her then, conjures her to give him that Satisfaction, ſince he aſſured her it was for both their Intereſts, he ſhould be ignorant of nothing that concerned her; after ſome Excuſes and Denials, ſhe aſſents, and gives him this following Relation.

The

The Hiſtory of Indamora.

YOu perſuade me, my Lord, by ſo powerful a way, that I muſt reſolve to make you acquainted with all my Weakneſſes: To begin then, I am the Daughter of a *German*, my Father was more obliged to the Gifts of Nature, than thoſe of Fortune; however, he was a good Gentleman, and lived eſteemed by all, his Humour retired, and we, in complaiſance to it, ſhared his Solitude with him: I will not tell you I was naturally pleaſed with it, but ſince I ſaw no way to get my ſelf out of it, I acquieſced.

French

I had not long lived in an Age capable of diſtinguiſhing things of ſuch a nature, when I became in Love with *Alcander*, one of the moſt Illuſtrious of the Kingdom, and Son to the Emperor's Siſter, who had married her ſelf to one of her Brothers Subjects; her unfortunate Marriage was never for-

Dss of Portsmouth
K. of France

forgiven her, but oppreſs'd with the fatal Anger of his Imperial Majeſty: She died full of Royal Grief and Sorrow, in Travail with *Alcander*; him ſhe had eſpouſed loved her too tenderly to ſurvive her long, but, after having mourned her loſs, he followed her in a very little time. *Alcander* being thus left to the Mercy of an incenſed King, was, in all appearance, to run a moſt deplorable Fortune; but the Emperor's Anger being dead with his Siſter, the Princeſs, ordered a great Care ſhould be taken of the Royal Orphan, and gave command to have him brought up and educated as his own Son, loaded him with Titles, and, as ſoon as he was capable of them, he gave him great Employs. I am going to tell you how it was I firſt ſaw him, which was almoſt admirable in a Life ſo retired, ſo free from Court as mine: He was a fine Man, well ſhaped, of a good height, when I firſt knew him, which was when he was very young, his Soul was extreme Amorous, had a great ſhare of Inconſtancy; but where

he

he loved, it was with the greateſt fervency imaginable; the Emperor was Hunting one day in a Wood joyning our Houſe, which was ſeated very commodious for that ſort of Diverſion, *Alcander* was then with him, and having ſeen me at a great Window I had thrown open for the better ſeeing the Court paſs; he ſeem'd not diſpleaſed with me, but alighting from his Horſe haſtily, he cauſed himſelf to be conducted by my Servants to the place where I was; 'tis not eaſie to define the Surprize this Action gave me; however, I was infinitely charmed with his good Meen, his Wit, and his Addreſs; he found my Inclinations did not agree with that ſort of Life, he talk'd tenderly, I was in an Age wherein I believed all that fell from his inchanting Tongue was true; I began to feel a Paſſion for him, and, after he had a thouſand times ſighed for my ſake in one hour, I was ſenſible of a pleaſing Fire he had inſpired me with; I gave way for him to endeavour the bringing me to Court, which

he

he conjured me to agree to; and, when he retired, after a many Proteſtations of Admiration, *he bad me be aſſured, I had in him not only a great Friend, but a great Lover:* This Confeſſion drew ſome Bluſhes from me. But the following day he came again to viſit me, then it was I loſt my Liberty, for in that fatal hour I made no difficulty to own I loved him; I valued not to be diſcreet, there is no ſuch thing in Love, but I made it all the Buſineſs of my Life to be ever telling him my Paſſion. I ſaw all his Actions with Pleaſure, there was an agreeable Inchantment in them, I repined not at the freedom I had loſt, nor to have been as great as Heaven is high, would have been unacquainted with him again. It was thus agreeably I paſſed ſome of my Life; nor envied I Monarchs in my retirement, when e're *Alcander* ſhared it with me; but as the place I lived in was ſo diſtant from the Court, that *Alcander*'s Attendance on the Emperor prevented him from ſeeing me as often as he deſired, he placed me with the

the Archdutcheſs his Imperial Majeſties Daughter; I was with her in a very glorious Station, and though in a place where all ſorts of Diverſion were in uſe, I eſteemed it but as it gave me the greater Liberty to ſee *Alcander*; and, to often aſſure him of my Paſſion, I writ it to him, I told it to him in a Language tender and moving; I eaſily believed all this would ſatisfie him, but when he had ſeen to what a height my Paſſion ſoared, and that he was dearer a thouſand times to me than I had ever been to him, he triumph'd over my Weakneſs, and, loſing all manner of Reſpect, by the opinion he had I could deny him nothing, he courted me for my undoing; I received the firſt cruel Propoſals of my ruin with a terrible Emotion, and with ſuch Diſdain, that *Alcander* durſt not urge me further; but the following day ſent me this Letter.

you

x Henrietta of England - Dſ. of Orleans

YOU are certainly the falſeſt of all Women; How is it you tell me you Love me, and yet uſe me as if I was the remoteſt Man in all your Kindneſs? Is it your part to pretend to Virtue, and I know not what fantaſtical Chimera's, *and at the ſame moment tell me you know how to Love well? Ah!* Indamora, *change theſe barbarous Sentiments, and aſſure your ſelf I will never ſee you again, whilſt you continue in them: I had much-rather live for ever from you, without hope, than live for ever with you, and not dare to tell you, you muſt conſider nor endeavour nothing, but how to pleaſe the Man you ſay has all your Tenderneſs.*

I ſwooned at the reading of this Letter, and was juſt recovered as *Alcander* entered; he flew to me, and, receiving me in his Arms, he whiſpered ſo many fatal, poyſoning, charming Things, that I had no longer the power to be angry with him; he proteſted he could not ſee me, and not deſire to be the happieſt Man Breathing,

ing, when it was in the Power of a Woman, that loved him, to make him ſo: I know not, Love is an unaccountable Madneſs, I dreaded, of all things, the never ſeeing him more, it was that Conſideration vanquiſh'd me, (and, oh Gods!) in that fatal moment I promiſed and appointed him the following day, he ſeem'd tranſported at the Grant, he bleſs'd the Heavens, the Gods and me, and retired with ſo much Joy, that the Pleaſure I took in pleaſing him, ſurmounted all my other Fears; and I, in ſhort, reſolved to make him that happy Man he ſaid, though at the expence of my own Eaſe, and the Joy of my coming Life; I very well ſaw I gave him what I ſhould eternally repent of, but thoſe in Love have no Conſideration, but what is agreeable to that Paſſion; but though I had abandoned all the Care of my ſelf, the Gods retained theirs for me, and ſaved my Honour then, from dying in the Arms of *Alcander*. I was to attend that night the Archdutcheſs to a great Ball the Empreſs made, after

ter it was ended, and that the Company began to be more choſen, the Prince told her Imperial Majeſty a Story to divert her, ſo like that I had with *Alcander*, that I knew not what to do to hide my Confuſion; it was of one of the Women of Quality, and the Emperor's youngeſt Son; the Prince had ruined and expoſed her, and very barbarouſly ſuffered the Prince of *Germany* his Brother, to divert the Empreſs with the recital of the Amour; the Lady was ſo extremely condemn'd by all that were preſent, that I then took Reſolutions quite contrary to thoſe before; I ſaw, (by a kind of Miracle,) how much a Woman's Honor and Virtue ought to be eſteemed above all things, and in the Aſſurance I could ever continue in the ſame Opinion, I writ this Note to *Alcander*.

The Archdutcheſs has commanded me to attend her to morrow at the ſame time I appointed you; there is no Denials to be made her, it is not after that manner ſhe muſt be treated. Adieu, and believe I Love you above every thing, but the deſire I have to make you happy.

I

I was conſtrained to uſe Diſſimulation; I was really meritorious of pity; I loved *Alcander*, and could not live without telling it him; I believed I could ever pretend Buſineſs, and by that continue my ſelf dear to him, ſince it ſhould appear wholly out of my Power to gratifie him: Had I been leſs in Love, I ſhould have taken Reſolutions very different from theſe; I would have learn'd him a deſign I had then entertained, of never ſeeing him again, if I could not do it without prejudicing my Honor and Virtue; but I, all Paſſion, could not bear a Separation ſo cruel, but lull'd him on with falſe hopes, and promiſed him all, without a deſign to perform any thing.

Alcander believed nothing of my Excuſe, and thought I had only broke my Promiſe, becauſe I had no mind to keep it; he would, however, come to the Lodgings of the Archdutcheſs, where he was ſatisfied I was gone; we met in the great Antichamber, *How do you uſe me!* ſaid he ſoftly to me; *you Love me little, or Duty had not thus*

prevailed; you ſee me here by the Orders of my Princeſs. Replied I unconcernedly, *But are you not ſatisfied I attend her when ſhe commands it; you take little Care,* perſued I, *of any but your ſelf; Do not you ſee, if I had diſobeyed, the reaſon I ſhould have had for it would have been inquired into; and in a Court, like this, a great deal of Precaution ſometimes avails but little; thoſe in my Circumſtances cannot be careful enough. Ah!* interrupted *Alcander,* with a profound Sigh, *You talk as if you did not Love me; I very well ſee with how much Faithleſneſs you have uſed me; it is not my Fault, if I am revenged, nor can you be angry at it.* He retired here, with a gloomy Melancholy; and I, quitting the Apartments of the Archdutcheſs, came to my own, ſunk in Grief and in deſpair; I put my ſelf to Bed, had it given out I was ill, and accordingly I was viſited on the morrow; amongſt thoſe that came to ſee me, the Chief of the Religious made one, by that place he had the Title of a Prince; he was

x Philip de Vendome Grand-Prior not of France

not at all made for Eccleſiaſtical Affairs, but it being one of the greateſt Place in the Kingdom, the Emperor beſtowed it on *Tiridate Aguſtus*, extremely in his Favour; this Prince having Authority from the Place, he poſſeſſed, to do almoſt any thing, ſtaid till the reſt of the Company was all retired, and throwing himſelf on his Knees by my Bed, he proceeded thus, *You ought not to wonder, fair* Indamora, *at the Confeſſion of my Paſſion; I am on the point of making you; I have very long loved you, but I very well knew, the ungrateful* Alcander *had alone all your Tenderneſs, and, in a word, the Poſſeſſion of your Heart. Yes, Madam, I am now encouraged, ſince he no longer merits any thing, but ſcorn and contempt from you: He has, like a Villain, given me all your Letters, with a Command to tell you, he is no longer yours; and that all the Favour ever he deſires of you, is to burn thoſe you have of his, that the World might not be a Witneſs of his Paſſion, for an ungrateful and a faithleſs Woman. But,* continued the Prince, ſeeing me all in

Tears, *'tis he alone is the ingrateful and perfidious; I esteem you too much, to let you persevere in an Engagement with one so undeserving and barbarous; and,* continuing with a great Sigh, and an extraordinary emotion of Passion, *had it been to* Agustus *the Divine* Indamora *had given those Favours, there should nothing have exacted a Confession from him, I know better what is due to my God and my Fair,* &c. He accompanied these last words with so many Marks of a great Passion, that I, enraged with *Alcander*, and pleased with the Person and the Tenderness of the Prince, suffered him to continue; he believed my silence was advance enough, and took so much Incouragement from it, as to ask for himself what I had denied *Alcander*; I was so enraged at that Faithless Man, that I believed I could revenge my self no way so perfectly, as by favouring *Agustus* beyond him; it was this consideration made me give the Prince whatever he could desire; 'tis very true, I had in my Arms a Man infinitely agreeable, so made to charm

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a Woman's Heart, that none, but I, could have denied him mine, but the hour was not yet come that he ſhould poſſeſs that. I ſtill loved *Alcander*, and muſt look on him as the cauſe of all my Ruin; it was, to be revenged on him, that I abandoned my Honor, and ſuffered my ſelf to be undone by a Man I then only eſteem'd; 'tis true, had I never ſeen *Alcander*, I ſhould have loved *Auguſtus*, but the Prince had nothing of my Tenderneſs, though he poſſeſs'd, and, in a word, enjoy'd me.

It was thus we lived for ſome time, I continued my feigned Indiſpoſition, and the Prince augmented his Paſſion, and his Care, for me; he very well ſaw he had not yet my Love, he uſed all his Addreſs to gain it; I made all he did agreeable to me, and began to ſee, I ſhould be ungrateful, if I continued to deny him my Heart; what I had done in an opinion it would enrage *Alcander*, I, too late, found proved quite contrary; and if I will believe a Letter with his Name, which

I received, you ſhall ſee by it he was pleaſed with my favouring the Prince.

Could you imagin, inconſtant, faithleſs, Indamora, *that I ever took your Denials for a Virtue? No, the event has let me ſee, nothing is impoſſible; the Prince, after I had acquainted him with my juſt Quarrel againſt you, confeſs'd himſelf in Love; I have a great deal of Friendſhip, and very eaſily promiſed him my Aſſiſtance, I gave him all your Letters, bid him employ them to his beſt Advantage, and, in ſhort, endeavour to be more happy than I could be. You know the reſt, Madam, I have only to aſſure you, I am extremly ſatisfied at the good Fortune of my Friend, and conjure you to believe, that I am ſo.*

I gave this Letter to the Prince to read, and, extremly enraged at the diſcovering to his Friend my favouring of him, commanded him to retire, and ſee me no more, till I could be reconciled to him; I removed from the Court, for ſome ſhort time, under pretext of change of Air; I took up a Reſolution of never believing, what a Man could ſay again, but reſolved, with

with my ſelf, to uſe them all as ill as they had done me, and return'd full of the deſigns; but I cannot tell, how I altered; the Prince had often writ to aſſure me of his Paſſion, and implore my Pardon; I was really diſpleaſed with him, but the extreme Graces of his Soul, and his Perſon, inclined me to ſome pity for him, and, at length, to a ſenſe of Tenderneſs; I pardoned him, and tranſported him with it, he certainly loved me, for never was one more fuller of Joy, to be reconciled to me, and I ſtedfaſtly believed, had not the Law forbid him to the contrary, I ſhould have become his Wife. Mean-time I ſaw *Alcander* in publick Places, and it grew very difficult for me judge, which I loved beſt, the Prince or him; I found I could live without his Converſation, which before I could never have believed; his ſullen Humor was one of his greateſt Graces, and gloomy and Melancholy as he was, when I appeared, ſerved as no diſadvantage to him.

Tiridate Auguſtus was, by the Empe-

ror, commanded from Court about some private Buſineſs, that employ'd him two months; he deplored his Abſence from me very often in his Letters, which were always writ in a Style ſo tender and moving, that I was almoſt as much charmed with them, as with his Perſon.

Alcander could yet ſee by my Actions, which I did not at all manage, that the Love I had for him was only abated, not extinct, he began to find, how much he was to blame in being ſo capricious, he would endeavour to again obtain my Pardon, he believed it no longer ſo difficult to poſſeſs, what I had before denied him, the Prince had conquered me, and *Alcander* did not doubt Succeſs; he knows the greateſt Art conſiſted in a Reconciliation, he conſiders my Paſſion for him, as a powerful ſtep, he will make uſe of it, and follows me one Evening into a cloſe green Arbor in the Gardens, joyning the Archdutcheſs's Apartment; as ſoon as he was entered, he threw himſelf at my Feet, and, hiding his Face

out

out of Shame and Reſpect, he proteſted he ſhould never dare to look on me again, till I gave him ſome aſſurance by my Pardon; I ſaw at my Feet a Man, I loved, melting into Tenderneſs and Sorrow, for having offended me; had I followed the Laws of Paſſion, I had forgiven him, but when I had more cruel Reflections, and that I thought I was obliged to conſider him as no other but as one that had inhumanly betray'd me, and been acceſſary to my ruin, I roſe up, with ſome Emotions of Anger, in a Reſolution of quitting the Arbor; but oh, Heavens! how weak are thoſe in Love, I ſunk into his Arms, and could not have ſtrength enough to retire, I gave him my Pardon e're he could again ask it of me; he ſeem'd tranſported at the Favour, he denied that cruel Letter I received from him, and, as a Teſtimony to the contrary, aſſured me, he had ever loved me; he maliciouſly told me, it could proceed from none but the Prince, who had certainly the deſign in it, to prevent my Reconci-

liation with *Alcander* again; this was to me ſo probable, that it incenſed me againſt *Auguſtus*, I accuſed him of the Crime, and, in one of my Letters, commanded him not to endeavour the juſtifying himſelf, that I was well aſſured all he could do would be impoſſible; and, in ſhort, bid him to ſee me no more; he obey'd my Orders, too fatally in this Letter, but he has acquitted himſelf of that unjuſt Suſpicion, too cruelly; he loved me more than Life, or Glory; what I had writ had reduced him to deſpair; he was acquainted with the Reconciliation of *Alcander* with me, and, not doubting whence my Anger proceeded, was reſolved, maugre the ſtrictneſs of the Laws then in force, to fight this treacherous; in ſhort, he return'd privately to Court, and challenged *Alcander*, and kill'd him fairly in a Duel; this Action made a great noiſe, the Prince meritted death by the Laws, and, had not the Emperor been indulgent, he had certainly ſuffered it; but he is pardoned by a Reprieve, and the Sentence

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of death repealed for an eternal Baniſhment: *Aguſtus* was permitted to ſee the Emperor before he went, to render him his Acknowledgment for ſparing his Life, when he had ſo much deſerved death: He had no mind to ſee me, on the contrary, he ſhunn'd coming to the Archdutcheſs's, to take his leave before he went into Baniſhment, which he did as ſoon as the appointed time was come for his leaving *Germany*.

So fantaſtical was my deſtiny, I became paſſionately in Love with this Prince, after I had loſt all hopes of ever ſeeing him again; though *Alcander* had reconciled himſelf again to me, and that he died in a time he was extremely favoured, yet the Bravery and the great Paſſion of his Murderer, had made me not grieve at his death, ſince he fell by ſo gallant a hand, and though it was for my ſake, I conſider'd he was Criminal, and that the Prince was innocent; the Letter was *Alcander*'s, he is baſe, he charges *Aguſtus* with it; *Aguſtus*'s Reſentments of the

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Perjury has charmed me, I infinitely eſteem'd him before, but now he has a greater ſhare in my Heart than ever *Alcander* retained, he merits it more, and though I know it is an impoſſible thing for me ever to hope the ſeeing of him again, to aſſure him of it; I cannot deny the Sentiments of my Heart from doing Juſtice to his great Merit.

This fatal Accident rendered *Germany*, and more particularly the Court, diſagreeable to me, ſince it was ſo to my Fortune: And whil'ſt I am thus drown'd in a melancholy ſorrow, and having loſt all hope, of ever ſeeing the Prince more, I am hurried, with all the Sentiments of Joy, to a probability great as my Love, of being, in ſome time, with him; he had retired himſelf to *Ruſſia*, and the great Dutcheſs Dowager of *Muſcovy*, who was nearly related to the Emperor, and had made ſome continuance in his Court, was upon the point of returning, ſhe had taken a fancy to me, and begg'd of the Archdutcheſs, that ſhe would allow

me

me to pass, into the Quality of one of of the Maids of Honour, that attended her, and to return with her to *Muscovy*; I was unexpressibly pleased at this Turn, and I did not at all doubt, but that my better Fortune would, in some short time, conduct me to the Prince *Tiridate Agustus*.

It was with a magnificent Splendor, that we left *Vienna*, the Emperor, the Empress, the Princes, and the Princesses, together with the whole Court, accompanied the great Dutchess Dowager three Leagues from the City, and did not then leave her without all the regret imaginable, and as so fine a Princess, as she was, did deserve.

The Archdutchess recommended me tenderly to the Care of the great Dutchess, and was pleased to express an agreeable sorrow for parting with me.

We accomplish'd our Journy to *Poland* very happily, where the great Dutchess was resolved to make some short stay, being obliged to it by the

Queen

Queen of *Poland*, nothing could be more Glorious than the Reception we had there; the King is a gallant Prince, and had ordered every thing ſo ſplendidly, that the great Dutcheſs Dowager was extremely ſatisfied with his manner of treating her; nothing was ſeen here but the moſt Gallant Diverſions, and the Buſineſs of the King, the Queen, and the whole Court, was, how to render every thing agreeable.

But in the mid'ſt of all theſe Diverſions, I found they were none to me, what the Prince *Auguſtus* had done juſt before, had rendered me averſe to every thing of ſuch a nature; his Reſentments of my Proceedings mortally afflicted me, and altogether rendered my Thoughts nothing but perpetual Inquietudes, ſo that, in ſhort, not able to ſupport ſuch a world of Grief, I fell into a violent Fever, which, however, was not laſting, yet the whole Court deſpaired, at firſt, of my Life, and I ſaw the great Dutcheſs Dowager of *Muſcovy* enter into my Chamber all in Tears; *I muſt leave you*, Indamora, ſaid

ſaid ſhe to me; *which is a powerful Contribution to my ſorrow, for, aſſure your ſelf, there are very few things in this world more dear to me than you; but I have juſt received an Expreſs from* Muſcovy, *That the Great Duke is fallen extremely ill, and we have reaſon to fear the conſequence; all things are making ready for my departure, and I have borrowed this moment from my ſorrow, to tell you my ſelf of this misfortune, 'tis with all the Grief in the World, that I ſee you not able to continue our Journy together; I am conſtrained to leave you, and, it is true, I leave you very ill, dear* Indamora, *but the Great Duke is ſo too, I have ſeen you, and it's abſolutely neceſſary that I haſten to ſee him; I leave with you my Phyſicians, part of my Retinue, and ſome of my Guards, to conduct you to* Muſcovy, *as ſoon as you ſhall be in a condition to reaſſume your Journy; they have Orders to obey you, as they would do me, and to take the ſame Care of you. Adieu,* ſays ſhe, *once more, dear* Indamora, *and,* in kiſſing me, *I do not deſpair of ſeeing you within*

theſe

theſe few days, as well as I deſire you ſhould be, which, aſſure your ſelf, is as well as poſſible, in that I love you beyond expreſſion.

She departed that moment, and I from that moment began to recover, I uſed now, which I neglected before, my own Endeavours to get well again, the thoughts, that I ſhould ſuddenly ſee the Prince *Tiridate*, was a powerful Inducement, and when I conſidered, that the ſooner my Health returned, the ſooner I ſhould ſee him again, I did every thing that could be done effectual; and, in ſhort, I ſaw my ſelf, in ten days, perfectly recover'd, and free from all manner of pain, but that of Love; and nothing retarded my Journy, but a languiſhing weakneſs, which would not permit me yet to indure ſo great a Fatigue.

But as every thing is cured by time, ſo, within a few days, I ſaw my ſelf in a condition to travel, I began then my Journy to *Muſcovy*, but what avails it to have ſurmounted one misfortune, ſince it was but to fall into a greater;

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or who can avoid the capriciouſneſs of Fortune, when ſhe deſigns we ſhall be eternally unhappy, all our endeavours to the contrary are ineffectual, for, being upon the Borders of *Poland*, I ſuddenly ſaw my ſelf a Priſoner, my Guards, and all that made any Reſiſtance, were immediately cut in pices, they being more than ten times ſurpaſs'd in number, the reſt with me, and ſix other German Ladies (that came with the Great Dutcheſs Dowager of *Muſcovy*, and ſtay'd with me, by her deſire, till my recovery,) were made Captives, the Turks, that continually make Incurſions into *Poland*, were, unhappily for us, come down then, and we, being met by a Party of them, taken Priſoners.

It is impoſſible to expreſs my Grief, to ſee my ſelf a Priſoner, to a Nation I then believed the moſt barbarous in the world, their Cuſtoms were ſo different from ours, that I fancied I could never paſs one hour of my Slavery agreeably; and to add to that Anguiſh, the thoughts of loſing the

ſight

ſight of *Tiridate Auguſtus*, for perhaps my whole Life, rendered me melancholy as the Grave, and I, a thouſand times, wiſh'd to have died in *Poland*, rather than to have fallen into the Slavery of thoſe Barbarians.

They preſently reſolved us for the *Seraglio* of the Grand Signior, in aſſurance of a great Ranſom for us, and of me in particular, whom they treated very unlike an ordinary Captive, for the chief of the Turks, who had the Title of a Baſſa, became paſſionately in love with me; and, as there was a Guard for his Perſon, he became ſo careleſs of it, as to charge them with my Safety, and abandoned his own Preſervation for the Care of mine; he ſighed a thouſand times to me, I could underſtand no other Language, which mortally afflicted him, he took Care though to remedy that, and had me, with much difficulty, inſtructed in the Arabick, very perfectly.

He was well-made, paſſionate, and brave; he one day acquainted me with his

his Reſolutions of making me his Wife, and, I think, his Love, together with my deſpair, would have at length made me agree to it, had not his Murther put a fatal period to all deſigns of that nature, for when we were firſt made Priſoners, he had promiſed to the reſt of his Party, that the Prize ſhould be equally divided amongſt them, his Paſſion to me conſtrained him to be falſe to his Promiſe, and all the reſt of us, but the German Ladies, being ſold, he abſolutely refuſed to his People, that we ſhould ſhare the ſame deſtiny, which inſpired them with Reſolutions ſo barbarous as to murther him, one day, as he was at Dinner, which they did with very little Reſiſtance, his Guards, as I ſaid before, being with me, ſo that the brave Man fell, after having received 13 Wounds; and kill'd 5 with his own Hands, of thoſe barbarous Villains, that aſſaſſinated him ſo cruelly.

After

After that Murder, they came to me, and the next day, together with the ſix German Ladies, they ſold us to thoſe that ingaged to bring us to the Seraglio, where after a world of fatigue, grief and deſpair, we arrived. Death had not one happy Dart to throw at me, but abandoned me to a more cruel Fortune, and ſuffer'd me to come ſafe to the Seraglio under the conduct of thoſe *Barbarians*, with more ſecurity than I could paſs into *Moſcovy* under the Guard of my own People. You ranſomed me, and placed me with the Sultana Queen. It is impoſſible to expreſs to you the torture I ſuffer at the unhappineſs of my Love, and the miſerable Fate of the unfortunate Baſſa, but I am diverted from this by the Paſſion of the great *Acmat*, your Sultan; for I had not continued long in the Seraglio, ere I could ſee I did not diſpleaſe him: He would ſomtimes give me languiſhing and burning looks. Two nights ſince, when he was in the Sultana Queen's Apartment, and that he had charmed

charmed us all by his fine Wit, he gave Orders that the Court ſhould end, and all retire; he was obeyed, though not without Reluctancy, becauſe he had ſuch a winning Converſation; he will however conduct the Sultana Queen to her Chamber of Repoſe, (to which ſhe always retired after ſhe was left alone;) I followed, bearing her Train, and as the Sultan quitted her hand, he ſeized mine with ſome emotion, and preſſing it with ardour, he aſſured me, that none alive had more love and more tenderneſs for me than he, and that the Grand Viſier, * whom he was infinitely obliged to for Ranſoming me, and placing me in the Seraglio, ſhould attend when I ſhould pleaſe to order, and in ſome ſort aſſure me, what a capable Monarch he was to ſatisfie Love and Glory when he had Inclination enough to indeavour it. *It is a Truth*, replyed the Grand Vizier, *That I have thoſe Orders from the Sultan; I do not at all doubt but that you have Wit enough to make your advantage of the favourable*

* Henry Bennet Earl of Arlington Secretary of State Senti-

Sentiments he has for you; Is it not better to live gloriouſly, full of ſplendor and magnificence, (as you will then do, if you are wiſe) than continue a miſerable Slavery? You muſt flatter the Sultan in an Opinion you love him, it will not fail of pleaſing him, which if once you can be ſo happy as to do, there is nothing in the whole Ottoman Empire but will be diſpoſed of as you ſhall adviſe. The Sultan lets himſelf be governed by the Woman he loves, accounting it his greateſt Glory to be capable of ſo violent Paſſions of Tenderneſs. I am your Friend, and you may be ſatisfied I will continue ſo, if (as I do not at all queſtion it) you will permit me to adviſe you in what I believe requiſite. *Indamora* aſſured him ſhe would, nay conjured him to command her in any thing, and he ſhould be obeyed. *Mahomet* Baſſa was ſo ſatisfied with her, that he was reſolved not to defer the Happineſs of the Sultan any longer than that day. *Acmat*, proceeded the Viſier, *is impatient of Delays, he loves very ardently, but his Paſſions are of no continuance if he find no Returns;*

Geo. D. of Buckſ.

he

he cannot take pains to gain a heart, if his Perſon, his Crowns, and his Merit, cannot be of force enough to do it, he lets himſelf looſe from the deſire of poſſeſſing what he then ſighs for, and ſearches for thoſe that will be more eaſily conquered, and in that paſſion buries the Remembrance of his other. He is the moſt conſtant man alive after he is aſſured he is beloved; and when he comes to that height, where there is nothing more to deſire, he loves the moſt, and if any thing has power to make him inconſtant, it muſt be the fault of her he loves, and not his natural Temper. The Sultana Homira *poſſeſt him a conſiderable time, and loſt him not but by her own ill conduct and Luxury. It is your fault if you are not happy; all delay is of dangerous Conſequence; he is a great Monarch, amorous, and not pleaſed when without a Miſtreſs. Let us then haſten his Happineſs and your Grandeur: You ſhall come to the Grand Viſier's Palace to night, my Wife ſhall fetch you; the Sultan ſhall be there alſo, and if you have Addreſs enough to improve the advantage, you will be more great than all your Ambi-*

Ambition could ever pretend to, or aſpire at.

Acmat in the mean time waited with impatience for the Return of the Viſier; he hopes all, and will fain perſuade himſelf he has nothing to fear; *Homira* is forgotten, and nothing thought on but the beautiful *Indamora.* He no ſooner ſaw *Mahomet* Baſſa return, but coming up to him with a thouſand different Sentiments, *Is the fair Chriſtian,* ſays he, *as flexible as ſhe is charming, or is ſhe as inexorable as I am amorous; give life to thy Monarch, and aſſure him the later is impoſſible.*

The Grand Viſier believing the Bleſſing would be more valued with good management, would not tell him how it was reſolved he ſhould be happy that night, but bowing low (as the cuſtom is) Indamora *cannot, maugre all her modeſty, but acknowlege how deſerving, how obliging a Monarch is the great* Acmat; *ſhe muſt be more than mortal if ſhe does not at length do Juſtice to your Merit and your Paſſion. I have aſſured her of the favourable Inclinations*

you

you have for her, and on my Soul, my Lord, ſhe has ſenſe, and is a Woman; ſhe will not let me reſolve you if ſhe deſigns to do as you command: She has expreſt a Deſire to ſee you herſelf, which I have engaged ſhall be to night, at an Entertainment I have made on purpoſe, where, if I can Propheſie, your happineſs is to begin.

Acmat was ſo ſenſibly pleaſed at what the Grand Viſier ſaid, that he expreſt it in a number of obliging words, and as a mark of his gratitude, will force him to receive a Preſent of an immenſe Value; he longs for Night, and has not Patience to ſtay till then; he goes two hours before to the Palace of the Grand Viſier, where *Indamora* was already come. 'Tis impoſſible to expreſs his agreeable Surprize when he ſaw her, yes, he forgot he was the Ottoman Emperor, but haſtening to her with all the Paſſion of Deſire, he threw himſelf at her Feet, and imbracing her Knees, *It is the greateſt glory to* Acmat *ever the Gods could give him*, ſyas he, *that*

They allow me such a charming Destiny as to lay Crowns at the Feet of the fairest of Women: More than half the World is but as you shall order it, and the most potent Empire under the Heavens was never worth esteeming till Indamora, *the killing charming* Indamora, *governed it; you are absolute here, act in it as you please, for my part, I have but too glorious a destiny in obeying. What a Satisfaction will it be to me, to make you as well the Envy as the Admiration of all. I am perfectly happy,* pursued he with greater emotion of Passion; *I flatter my self you are here to reward the Love of the greatest of Monarchs and the greatest of Slaves, in one Adorer. If I was obliged to* Mahomet *for making me the first, what ought I to render to* Indamora *for making me the later of these? But you are all Felicity, and everlasting laughing Love lives for ever with you. See at your feet a Lover full of Languishments, of Expectation and Desire; come learn from him what none but Love and he can teach; come to my Arms, and dye and languish there.* He paused here, and seeing *Indamora*

damora ſilent, he roſe up all in deſpair, and anxious as he was, cryed, *Ah! Gods, how have I flatter'd my ſelf? I am ſcorned, deſpiſed, and all my Life made for ever unhappy.* *Indamora* was vanquiſhed by this Action, ſhe falls into the Sultan's Arms, and declining her head on his breaſt, *Heaven is my Witneſs, Sir*, replied ſhe, *how much you are miſtaken, and Heaven does know beſides I love you more than Honour, Duty, and (Oh! (ye immortal Powers, let me add without a fear of being blaſted by your angry Vengeance) than all Religion too. I haſten on my own undoing, I court my Ruin, and perſuade my Virtue to abſcond; I baniſh Honour, that Idol of the World, that bane of Love, and teach my Duty to be ſatisfied with the ſpecious Arguments of Power and you; and to aſſure you more, I give my Vows of being only yours, and let this Proteſtation, whenever I revoke, be then my greateſt Curſe, as now it perfects all my Happineſs. Be calm, my Conſcience at this Promiſe which, I make, and let me be perſuaded, while I languiſh in my Monarch's Arms, I am*

happy ſtill, without Remorſe or Fears that that Eternity of Bliſs is unallowed. She accompanied theſe words with moving accents of Paſſion, with ſome deſpondency, and a conſtrained Reſolution, which the Sultan eaſily ſaw, and to aſſure her, laviſht away ſuch Proteſtations as would have fired the World, ſo full of Paſſion that *Indamora* could not be any longer unmoved. 'Tis ſaid, the Grand Viſier propheſied right; certain it is he is loaded with Obligements in return of that one of his, in bringing her to the Seraglio, and more in favour, if poſſible, than ever.

Acmat, who was the moſt amorous of all Princes, and who had Grandeur enough to maintain thoſe Inclinations, now indulged himſelf. *Indamora* had for him a thouſand Charms; and contrary to that wretched cuſtom which makes the Grand Signior's Paſſion the ſole Reward of her he favoured, and that they were confined to a Seraglio, without the Liberty to ſee any but the Sultan and the Eunuchs

that

that attended him; I ſay, contrary to this obſerved Cuſtom, *Acmat* gave the Title of *Sultana of Barbary* to *Indamora*, and reſtrained her in nothing but in the Point of Amour and Gallantry. None of his Predeceſſors had ever indulged the fair Sex ſo much as he. The Sultana Queen had a great Liberty allowed her: He was much condemned for his tendency to the Women, and his very Enemies acknowledged he had no other weakneſs: He derived, they ſaid, his deſires of Peace from the deſire he had to poſſeſs them, and that Women rendred him the merciful Prince he was; it was Women they ſaid made him deſire to live in eaſe; and in order to it he had made Peace with the German Emperor, and neglected to make uſe of thoſe Advantages the ill poſture of Affairs in *Hungary* preſented him with ſince the Conqueſt of *Mahomet* III. *Acmat* was very brave, and had given Proof of his Valour when but a Prince; there was none queſtioned his Courage, and he believed

it was enough to have once acted like a great, a valiant and experienced Soldier, that the World was satisfi'd he durst, which was enough to justifie a Prince desirous of Peace, which he always preferr'd before War when he could with Honour.

The Sultana *Homira* had studied all his Weaknesses, and was perfectly acquainted with his Inclinations. Jealousie was never apt to disturb him, which she easily saw, and procured first for her self, and then for the Sultana Queen, that Liberty they possest. Gallantry reigned here incessantly, and all manner of Pleasures, with a great deal of Luxury, which notwithstanding was believ'd to please the Sultan, since he never reproved it. It was this Licentiousness ruined *Homira*; she fell at last into a habitual Debauchery, and was a principal Advancer, being the great Example of all the Liberties taken by Women of Quality. Love and Intrigue was no more so secretly confined to the Walls of the Seraglio, and if People were discreet,

diſcreet, it was what they were not at all obliged to be.

Never was an Ottoman Emperor before of ſuch Inclinations; he had a great Soul charmed with Pleaſures, and ever went in ſearch of them; he believed the greateſt terminated in the Arms of the fair Sex. *It was*, he would ſay, *a great Injuſtice that the moſt perfect Bleſſings of human Life ſhould be denied a Liberty which ſerved but to make the contrary Sex more happy.* Theſe Sentiments were prejudicial to our Monarch; for all he had loved were debauched by them to be falſe to him, but they ſerved as great advantages towards the Conquering the Hearts of thoſe that loved to pleaſe themſelves in Variety, and hated Reſtraint.

The new Sultana of *Barbary*, who remembred what had been adviſed her by the Grand Viſier, failed not to aſſure the Sultan of his great Merit, *and as for her, ſhe had loved him had he not been ſo great a Monarch.* This Careſs had the deſired ſucceſs; the Sultan

was charmed with her appearance of Senſibility, and continues to give her Proteſtations of his tenderneſs, aſſigned her the faireſt Apartments in the Seraglio, ordered the Furniture to be much more glorious than the Sultany Queens, which in effect it infinitely was; gave her a Retinue ſuitable to ſo much Grandeur, and an immenſe Revenue to ſupport all.

The Sultana of *Barbary*, who was extream pretty, eaſily became ſo much Glory; ſhe was to act a part whereto the greateſt Cunning in the World was required, and which with good management would be the moſt advantagious to her. The Sultana *Homira* had poſſeſt the Sultan beyond Example, yet this was no encouragement to *Indamora*; ſhe might believe the more of Conſtancy he had expreſſed, the leſs he had reſerved. The Sultana *Homira* had advantages which *Indamora* could not pretend to, a lofty and an excellent Beauty, a Soul, which had it not been proſtitute to her Licentious Inclinations, could not have been

been converſt with without inſuſing Reſpect, Grandeur was inſeparable from all her Actions, and one needed but to ſee her to be inſpired with an awe. She was by much the fineſt Woman that had been ever ſeen in *Turky*, and perhaps in the whole World, and once adored by the Sultan, who had been brought by her to do a thing beyond Preſident in the Ottoman Empire. *England*

The good Conduct, and the Cunning of *Indamora*, her Air of Innocence, her extreme Prettineſs, her affable Humour, her diverting Wit, and, in a word, a thouſand other Charms, fix'd the Sultan's Affections even to a miracle; he would ſpend whole days with her, call'd her his Friend, and, in ſhort, let himſelf be abſolutely governed by her, the whole Ottoman Empire was as ſhe pleaſed to have it, all the great Offices are diſpoſed as ſhe deſires; *Germany* is much advantaged by the aſcendant ſhe has in *Turky*, and ſhe employs all her Arts to continue the Peace, which the natural Inclina- *France* *England*

tion of *Acmat* was inclined enough to obſerve.

But while ſhe lives ſome conſiderable time in all theſe Glories, and that Ambition is ſatisfied, how will ſhe acquit what ſhe owes to Love? 'Tis true, ſhe loved the Prince *Aguſtus* above all things, but ſhe endeavours to loſe the thoughts of him, in conſidering the little probability there was for her ever to ſee him again.

But ſhe is infinitely alarm'd by his coming to *Conſtantinople*, and all her Tenderneſs preſents it ſelf to her memory, ſhe ſees him ſo amiable, ſo paſſionate, and, in a word, ſo deſerving of her Heart. *London*

After *Indamora* had aſſured her ſelf of the Affections of the Grand Signior, and that ſhe was almoſt abſolute in *Turky*, ſhe commands the Liberty of thoſe Ladies that were taken with her, orders two Gallies for their Convoy, and, in a word, gives them power to return, which they did accordingly. The Great Dutcheſs Dowager, who loved *Indamora* tenderly

derly, was well pleaſed to hear ſhe had eſcaped with Life, though it was for a wretched Slavery, ſhe would ranſom her, but when ſhe hears again in how glorious a Station ſhe was, ſhe believes it vain for her to indeavour it.

The Prince *Auguſtus*, × who, as we have obſerved, retired to *Ruſſia*, learned the Captivity of *Indamora*, and, after a thouſand Reſolutions, very different from one another, he reſolves for a Journy to *Turky*, the diſtance does not at all ſtartle him, it is nothing to a Man ſo paſſionately in Love as he; but firſt he will ſee, if *Acmat* will give him Protection; the Grand ✻ Signior, who was the moſt merciful Monarch under the Heavens, takes a pity on the diſtreſſed, and, commiſerating the exil'd Prince, he returns him aſſured Promiſes of Protection, and that he ſhall not be obliged to fear for his Religion.

This ſatisfies the Amorous Prince, he is again going to ſee that dear Inchantreſs, that has already ruined his For-

× Grand-Prior
✻ K. Charles 2d

Fortune and his Repoſe, he comes to *Conſtantinople*, and once adventures to the Apartments of this Princeſs, he ſurprizes her, ſhe expects not to ſee him, *Acmat* had told her nothing of his deſigns in reſolving to come there, ſhe will not believe it can be he; *Has my Sorrow ſo wholly altered me*, ſays he, kneeling to her, *that the treacherous* Indamora *does not know the unfortunate* Aguſtus: *All that I wonder at is, that I am yet living, for, 'tis a Truth, I have enough to kill me, if a violent Grief and Deſpair can do it; for, how can you believe the Amorous* Tiridate *can ſee, without ſuffering the extremity of Horror, the Divine* Indamora *in the Arms of another, of a Rival, happy beyond all, and of ſuch a Rival, of whom we can make no Advantage by knowing it is he? That is the bleſs'd Man! Yes*, continued he, ſeeing her ſurprized, *it is the unfortunate* Aguſtus, *is now dying at your Feet; and who, for a violent Paſſion for the moſt ungrateful of all Women, was reduced to the Extremity of Vengeance; you made me this miſerable, offend my God*

and

and my Emperor, by murthering a happy, and a baſe ingrateful Rival, who, did he live again, ſhould hear it ecchoed by the wrong'd Auguſtus: *He did not at all merit the leaſt of your ingaging Favours. Yes,* perſued he, *it is for you I am baniſhed from my Country, doom'd to an inglorious exile; and, oh horror! meet in it that killing fatal ſight, of ſeeing you in anothers Arms; but how,* ſaid he, more calmly, and raiſing himſelf up, *could I expect other from the faithleſs, treacherous,* Indamora.

At this Diſcourſe *Indamora* appeared ſurpriz'd, and, ſwooning in his Arms, could utter but confuſedly, *My God, and my Auguſtus*; 'tis true, the manner of her wonder was kind, but the Prince was not ſatisfied with that, he durſt not believe her Amazement had in it any thing of tender, but it was not a time to make ſuch Reflections as theſe, he employ'd his whole Endeavours for her Recovery, and had juſt effected it, when Notice was given of the Sultan's approach, ſhe had not leiſure to clear her ſelf from the

Impu-

Imputation the Prince had charged her with, all ſhe could ſay was, *to bid him meet her on the morrow, in the Evening, in one of the covered Walks in the Garden of the* Seraglio, for *Acmat* immediately entered the Chamber ſhe was in, as *Auguſtus* had quitted it by another door.

The Sultan appear'd diſordered, and ill-humour'd, very contrary to his uſual Temper, *Indamora* trembled for her Lover, and for her ſelf, ſhe began to fear he had ſeen that Prince, and though he was not accuſtomed to be jealous of ſo much, yet ſhe knew not what could diſcompoſe him, beſides, ſhe approach'd him tremblingly, and with ſuch innocent Inſtruction, that it was not in the Power of *Acmat* to conceal from her the occaſion of his Diſorder, he complained to her of *Muſtapha*, (Yes, ſays he,) *that ingrateful Prince, not contented with that unparalell'd Example I have given him of my Mercy, in ſaving his Life, endeavours, how he may render mine as uneaſie as poſſible: Was it not enough to allow him*

once

× *once the Liberty of pleasing his Inclinations, by a Marriage contrary to mine, but he must again repeat the very same Crime? We must not suffer this from one we have set down our Successor, but endeavour, by our Authority, to crush this Design: Yes, it is resolved, and if he disobey, we will not any longer consider him as our Brother.* He then ordered the Captain of his Guard to bring *Mustapha* to him, as soon as he should be found, which, in effect, they did; the Sultan, who very seldom in his whole life-time had been transported with a violent Anger, no sooner saw the Prince, than that he softened all into Reproaches of Tenderness; *Ought you,* said he, *to have used yours, and the Worlds, Emperor, nay, more, your Brother, after this manner; and by a Marriage with* Zayda,※ *the Daughter of* Mahomet *Bassa, our Grand Visier, whom our mere Grace has raised to what he is: Ah!* Mustapha, *you make an end of ruining the Repose of* Acmat *by these cruel Resolves; you force him to do a thing very contrary to his Inclinations, he desires to comply with all yours,*

× Anne Hyde dau.r of the Earl of Clarend

※ .....Lady Bellasis –

yours, but this is what we can never allow. How, said the Prince, after the Sultan had done speaking, *Is it possible I should abuse so much Tenderness?* He then prostrated himself at the Feet of the Grand *Acmat*, begg'd a Remission of his Sin, and renounced all his Passion, and all the Designs and Desires he had of possessing *Zayda*, since he saw it could not be without ruining himself; the Sultan was appeased, and the Conversation ended, in an express Command for *Mustapha to marry the Daughter of the King of* Tunis, *who would, in a very little time, be at* Constantinople, *in order for the Accomplishment of the Marriage, which was already concluded on.*

We are now to return to the Sultana *Homira*, who retired her self after her Disgrace, but hearing the Grand Visier has placed a fair Christian in the *Seraglio*, with a design of rendering *Acmat* in Love with her, and that he has found the desired success; that she is created Sultana of *Barbary*, and that the Grand Visier is more than

+Maria-Beatrix-Eleanora d'Este dau^r. of Alphonso IV- Duke of Modena married to Ja^s. D. of York 1673- died 1710

than ever favoured by this turn of Fortune; ſhe will come again to the *Seraglio*, to ſee what ought to be done, ſhe puts in practice all her acquir'd Languiſhments, again to render the Sultan ſenſible, and to divert his Paſſion for *Indamora*; ſhe attempts it by a thouſand Artifices; contrary to the extreme Haughtineſs of her Spirit; but nothing ſhe can do avails any thing, ſhe ſees 'tis requiſite for her to diſſemble, nothing can be effected without it; ſhe will be revenged on the Prince, and on the Viſier, by other means, ſince ſhe has failed on the tender part; *Muſtapha* had been the occaſion of her Diſgrace, but it was by the Aſſiſtance of *Mahomet* Baſſa, ſince he was not powerful enough to do it alone; and it was this later had made an end of ruining (by the fair Eyes of the charming Captive *Indamora*,) the repoſe of *Homira*.

This *Homira* reſents more than her Diſgrace, ſhe muſt be revenged on the Grand Viſier, whatever it coſts her; ſhe enquired, and finds *Muſtapha* contracted

tracted to *Zayda*, Relique of a Noble Turk, and Son to *Mahomet* Baſſa; ſhe believes this diſcovery of force enough to ruin all, and, animated by a deſire of revenge, on her moſt inveterate Enemies, ſhe goes to the Grand Signior, caſts her ſelf at his Feet, makes him apprehend, how zealous ſhe is for his Intereſts, and his Glory, and relates to him all ſhe had learn'd of *Muſtapha*, with Aggravations on *Mahomet* Baſſa's Ambitious Crimes.

Homira did not conſider ſhe had to deal with the mildeſt Prince under the Heavens, and one that delighted in any thing rather than Cruelty; but ſhe flatters her ſelf, by ſome Promiſes, that the great *Acmat* had made her, of ſenſibly revenging the Injury that was done him; but as he was the mercifulleſt, ſo was he the forgetfulleſt, of all Men, and did not remember what he had ſaid to her, but alone reflected on what had been told him by *Homira*.

As ſoon as he had quitted her, he came to the Sultana of *Barbary*'s Apartments,

ments, where he put an end (as we have obſerved,) to this important Affair, by the natural Sweetneſs of his Temper, and the Compliance of *Muſtapha*.

This did not at all pleaſe *Homira*, ſhe was almoſt wild with deſpair; ſhe had propoſed to her ſelf no leſs than the deaths of *Muſtapha* and the Grand Viſier, nay, ſhe let her hopes have a looſe, and believed ſhe ſhould certainly regain the Affections of the Sultan, when *Mahomet* Baſſa was once removed, ſince it was he inſtructed *Indamora* in all things neceſſary for the preſervation of the Grand Signior's Paſſion; but when ſhe ſaw in what the Anger of the Sultan terminated, and that all his Promiſes to her were forgot, ſhe believes that ſhe knew not enough of the Intrigue; *Zayda*, ſhe was aſſured, could ſatisfie her in every thing, if ſhe had a mind to it; it was not yet known, that it had been *Homira* had made the diſcovery to the Sultan, ſo ſhe believes ſhe may flatter *Zayda* into Compliance, ſhe was the more

more induced to it becauſe ſhe knew *Zayda* was of an extreme haughty Spirit, inſupportable when ſhe was diſpleaſed, and, in a word, full of Reſentments when ſhe was ſo ſenſibly injured; *Homira* was of opinion, the Humour of this Lady was the moſt like her own, as the poſture of Affairs ſtood then; ſhe made her a Viſit, and found her in a very good Humour for her deſigns, reproaching the Prince, who had juſt left her, of Inconſtancy, of Perjury, and, in a word, of all manner of ill; the Sultana *Homira* indulged her in an opinion of her Wrongs, wept with her, pretended Commiſeration for her Misfortunes, and, in effect, obtained her deſire, which was an account of the Ingagement, which *Zayda* thus related to her.

The

The Amours of Mustapha *and* Zayda.*

IT was at a House of the Grand Visiers, two days Journy from *Constantinople*, that this ungrateful Prince, the perjured *Mustapha*, first address'd to me; he had been Hunting in the adjoyning Woods, and was come to sup with my Father, who was ever a real Admirer of this Prince, who did then appear to me infinitely agreeable, his Flattery, if any thing that could be said, could give me a good opinion of my self, did effect it; and though I never loved him, I had Ambition enough to persuade him to an Assurance I did, and all his address to me that night I made agreeable; however, early the following day, he set forward to *Constantinople*, and would carry my Father with him; who, after he had furnish'd all things for my Reception,

* James D. of York
Susan dau^r. of S^r. Wm Airmine and relict of Sir Henry Bellasyse son & Heir apparent of John L^d. Bellasyse of Worlaby.

ception, where, as Glorious as if I had already been Sultana, he ſent for me to come to him; you may eaſily believe I obeyed without Reluctancy, I had the hopes of a Crown Glittering in my Eyes, and though I was extreme young, I had a haughty Ambition with me, that ſurmounted all things, and I reſolved to ſacrifice all to ſatisfie this imperious charming Paſſion.

I arrived at *Conſtantinople* with all the Joy imaginable; I carreſs'd my Father, to make him continue a Diverſion ſo favourable to my beſt Inclinations; he was full of the Deſign of making me Great, indeavoured it with as much Affection, as if I had been nearer to him than the Wife of his deceaſed Son. I found in his Palace Glory enough, to have ſatisfied the moſt immenſe Ambition; and, perhaps, had not I entertained hopes of being one day Sultana Queen, ſo much Glory as I ſaw there, would have ſatiated my Deſires of it, not that I loved the Man that was to make me Great, but I loved the Greatneſs, and

was

was resolved to be grateful to the Author of it.

I was one day in a fine Chamber of State in the Grand Visier's Palace, dress'd in all the richest Glory of the *East*, and in a humour of being flatter'd, when I saw the Prince introduced by my Father enter it: I would have gone away out of a Modesty and Respect, had not the Grand Visier commanded my Stay, who being immediately called to the Grand Signior, left the Prince alone with me. Then it was indeed I would have retired, had not the Prince absolutely resolved to hinder me. *Ah, too charming* Zayda, said he languishingly, *why are you thus inexorable? Do not you yet know how fervently I adore you?* This Discourse was more than I thought I ought to have heard without being displeased. *Ah! my Lord*, replied I, *you take little Care of the Honour of an unfortunate Woman, neither do you consider what you oblige me to suffer.* This Discourse, accompanied with some necessary Tears, drew from the passionate

nate *Muſtapha* ſome Religious Proteſtations; He aſſured me that none knew where he was, That he had left the Seraglio privately, and conducted by the Grand Viſier, had come to his Palace wholly unattended. This ſatisfied, ſince nothing is indiſcreet but what is known. I then permitted him to adore, flatter and proteſt, without interrupting him. I believe I did never more deſerve to be admired, and that if *Zayda* could look well, it was that day: I did think he render'd me but that was my due, and that my Heart deſerved more Homage than my Eyes. I aſſured him, That my Aſcendant was Glory, and that I had as much Paſſion for him as I was capable of entertaining for any one; that it was as fervent as Ambition would permit it to be, and that he that could ever move my tenderneſs muſt flatter my hopes, and approve of the moſt ambitious Deſires under the Heavens, and ſeek alſo to gratifie them.

The

The Prince ſeem'd tranſported at this Confeſſion, he rendered Thanks to our great Prophet, for ſhewing a a way to pleaſe the charming *Zayda*; and aſſured me, it was my fault if I was not one day Sultana Queen.

He then retired, and my Father entered ſome moments after, to whom I gave an exact Account of all that had been ſaid; the Grand Viſier was well pleaſed at my Conduct, and, after having given me ſome neceſſary Inſtructions, he ordered me to prepare my ſelf for going to the *Seraglio* that night, to pay my Homage to the Sultana Queen; which, in effect, I did; there was then in the Preſence the young *Amurath*, who had been diſgraced for ſome conſiderable time, and was but that hour reconciled to the merciful Sultan; the Sultana *Homira* bluſh'd at this Diſcourſe, but *Zayda* continuing, left her no room to reflect.

The Gallant *Amurath* was, in my opinion, the moſt lovely of all Men; I gazed intemperately on him, and, in

a word, gazed away my Liberty; I often met his charming Eyes, mine ever went in ſearch of them, and I left the *Seraglio* paſſionately in Love; I was generally obſerved I did every thing that night with a Diſtraction, ſo uncommon to me, and took ſo little care to manage my ſelf, that it was apparent enough I was become really in Love with *Amurath*; he was told it, and, half of that opinion, reſolved to appear ſenſible, and to write me a Declaration of Love, which he conveyed unperceived into my Glove. The following night, when I return'd to the *Seraglio*, he was then more than before (by my manner of Carriage,) confirmed in an opinion he was not indifferent to me, he reſolved not to loſe my favourable Inclinations, for want of Addreſſes; and when I call'd for my Gloves, and my *Barnus*, he who waited behind preſented me with them, but with ſo much amaze and trembling, that I was going to give a publick Demonſtration of my Paſſion (by a loud Cry,) to call ſome Aſſiſtance

ſtance to him, but his recovering himſelf from that ſurprize diverted me, but though I did not give that Authentick Teſtimony, my Lips were Harbingers of my Paſſion; and I did not quit *Amurath* without telling him, in dumb ſhow, he could not be unhappy; when I went to draw on my Glove, and found the Letter there, I, unperceived, put it up, till I came to the Grand Viſier's Palace, and to my own Apartments, where I opened it, and read thus;

Amurath to the Charming *Zayda*.

I *Am favoured, Madam, more than ever any was; I am to dye, but it is with adoring you ſo much as I do. Ah! Have I not too glorious a Deſtiny, and ought I not to boaſt of it? See how dangerouſly fair you are; ah! too charming* Zayda, *the irreſiſtible Power of your Eyes have made me guilty of Temerity: It cannot but be confeſſed,* Amurath *does of all Men moſt adore you; he is preſumptuous, but he is extreme Amorous; I know*

my ambitious Paſſion merits all Puniſhment, for ſinning ſo high, as to raiſe all my Love, and all my Adorations, to the fineſt Woman under the Heavens; but there is no mean when one loves you, it muſt be with as much ardency as is felt in the Heart of

Amurath.

I was infinitely pleaſed with this Letter, I loved as much as he, and never had ſo much Joy as in the reading of it; but I muſt not let that Joy appear, 'tis not after that manner we muſt carry our ſelves, we muſt ſeem angry when we are not, ſo, in ſhort, diſpleaſed at the only thing that pleaſes us beſt, ſo fantaſtical is the Cuſtom of our Sex.

Muſtapha was juſt entered the Chamber as I had put up the Letter, he found me in a Humor ſo good, and ſo pleaſed, that he knew not what to believe, but, fired with the common Report of my being in Love with *Amurath*, he reproached me, but ſo reſpectfully,

ſpectfully, and with ſuch a melancholy Sorrow, that I could not then but condemn the wildneſs of my Inclinations, and my Paſſions; I endeavoured to calm him, by demanding of him, *If it were poſſible to entertain two Paſſions, for two ſeveral Perſons, at the ſame individual time.* This ſatisfied his Jealouſie, he would be appeaſed, becauſe he ſaw I deſired it; but yet, he exacts this killing Reſolution of me, *To go no more to the* Seraglio, *till he permitted me*; this was a thing ſo averſe to my Inclinations, that I knew not, ſurprized as I was, how to anſwer him. *If you love me, as you perſuade me,* ſaid he, *this will be an eaſie Demonſtration of your Sincerity; but if, on the contrary, you have your Liberty— And ah! What is it I do here, with one that makes no Returns to my Paſſion? I had much rather never ſee you, as I muſt do, if I am indifferent to you, than adore and expoſe my ſelf here, only to flatter and ſatisfie the Vanity of an Ambitious Woman.*

By what the Prince had then ſaid, I very eaſily gueſs'd, what meaſures I was to take; I diſſembled my Inclinations, and would ſacrifice my Love to my Ambition, I did, without much difficulty, perſuade him, he was dear to me; he demanded again, as a Teſtimony of my Paſſion, the ſame thing my ſurprize made me ſilent to before; *I gave him my word, of my not going to the* Seraglio *till he aſſented to it*; he is ſatisfied, and retires ſo, but leaves me toſſed by a tumultuous ſort of Diſquiets, Glory and Love are the Diſputes, but the God muſt yield, and Ambition was the moſt Powerful; I was govern'd by that aſcendant, not without terrible Diſquiets, it coſt me Tears and Inquietudes, I call'd the Prince tyrannical and unjuſt, and had I not been obliged to keep thoſe meaſures with him I did, on the hopes of a Crown, I ſhould have taken pleaſure in oppoſing the Man, that was ſo abſolutely indifferent to me; before I had ſeen and loved *Amurath*, *Muſtapha* was agreeable to me, but he had loſt himſelf

ſelf by his Jealouſie, and it was for the Crown on the Head of the Sultana Queen, I diſſembled my Inclinations, the conſtraint I ſuffered, had I had no other merit, deſerved it, and he was unjuſt, to the higheſt degree, in denying it me.

The Grand Viſier, (who, you know, Madam, is the wittieſt Man in the whole Ottoman Empire,) no ſooner learnt from me, that the Prince loved well enough to be jealous, than that he went to him, and, falling inſenſibly to talk of me, *Muſtapha* declared his opinion, *That he believed he ſhould love me for ever*; *Mahomet* Baſſa perſuing the Diſcourſe, repreſented to him, how diſadvantageous ſuch a Paſſion muſt be for any Woman, that was but the Daughter of a Subject; *I am infinitely ſorry, my Lord,* (ſays the Grand Viſier,) *that I am forced to deſire you to forbear your Viſits to* Zayda, *though they have hitherto, in our opinion, been private, I am to aſſure you, we were miſtaken, judg then, my Lord, how diſadvantageous this muſt be for her, ſhe is young, and a very*

little

little thing ruins her Honor, the way you take is not at all conſiſtent to her Reputation, which runs a great riſque in the World, unleſs, my Lord, you deſign what is death in us, almoſt but to wiſh. It is in your own Power, if you will chuſe to ſee Zayda *yours, or never ſee her more— Ah!* ſaid the Prince haſtily, interrupting him, *Name not ſuch a Hell of Horror to me, I will marry her,— I will run the riſque of the Sultan's Diſpleaſure, any thing rather than loſe her. But were I capable, my Lord,* (reply'd the Grand Viſier, bowing low,) *to adviſe you in it, it ſhould be to reſolve againſt it; the Great* Acmat, *though he is the moſt merciful of all Princes, yet, finding himſelf ſo ſenſibly injured, may paſs to a Reſolution of revenging the little Reſpect that will be ſhew'd him by ſuch an Action; he hardly forgave you your firſt Marriage, and will undoubtedly puniſh your ſecond, if it be of the ſame nature.* He then again preſs'd him to quit me, but not with a deſign, I believe, that the Prince ſhould follow his advice; he would not hear of that, he appeared extreme

extreme Amorous, and when the Grand Viſier propoſed it a third time, he commanded him, on pain of his Diſpleaſure, to ſay no more of it.

I ſaw the Prince every day for ſome time longer; I kept my word, and did not go to the Seraglio; *Amurath* believed I had been diſpleaſed at his Declaration of Love, and that I had taken that way to puniſh him: He came once to ſee the Grand Viſier, and I, who was walking in the Palace Gardens, had not the Power to ſay any thing to him: in ſhort, I was ſo agitated by Paſſion, by Deſire, and by Fear of *Muſtapha*, that I ſwooned in the Arms of my Women, and was carried to my Apartment ere *Amurath* could poſſibly ſpeak to me. He believed, whatever had been told him to the contrary, that my Fainting was a teſtimony of my Averſion, ſince ſuch extraordinary Diſorders are eſſential to it; he believed me angry with him, and altogether he was as diſcompoſed as I; he ſought to obtain my Pardon for his crime, and em-

ployed the Daughter of the Aga of the Janiſaries to effect it. *In ſhort*, ſaid I to that Lady, *I give to you what none beſides could have exacted from me. Amurath ſhall have his Pardon, conditionally he never return again with the ſame Preſumption, as to dare to love me.* *Amurath* refuſed theſe Offers, and aſſured me by the Aga of the Janiſaries's Daughter, he had rather ſubmit to all the cruel effects of my Anger. In a word, I was conſtrained by my own Inclinations, and the Ladies Importunities, to pardon him on his own Conditions, and give Leave for him to love me.

Muſtapha was ignorant of all this, and after he had continued his Viſits to me four or five days longer, the Grand-Viſier, maugre the Prince's Commands, would oblige him to quit me inceſſantly, or reſolve on ſomething. The Prince hearkened to the Reaſons he alledged, and was really ſo far tranſported with a deſire, I believe, of ridiculing me, as that very day to be contracted to me. I was plea-

pleaſed with ſo much Glory; I thought I had but one ſtep more to make to ſatisfie my Ambition, which would then be bounded. *Muſtapha* came the following day again, to aſſure me of his Reſolutions of making me his Wife. I careſt him more than uſual, and while I was thus flattering my ſelf, the Grand Signior's Captain of his Guard came with expreſs Orders to bring *Muſtapha* to the Sultan, at the Apartments of the Sultana of *Barbary*, where he then was. The Prince durſt not diſobey, but aſſured me, in quitting the Chamber, *Nor* Acmat *nor Heaven could ever make him falſe to me, or relinquiſh the holy Vows and Proteſtations he had ſo lately made me.*

But, Oh Heavens! cried out the wronged *Zayda*, how unjuſt, and how treacherous he was; As ſoon as he had quitted the Sultan, he cauſed himſelf to be again conducted where I was; I wonder how the Traytor, the perfidious Ingrate, durſt ever look on me again: He fell on his Knees before me, and with a feigned Sorrow, and

a Paſſion pauled with Duty, learnt me the Commands of *Acmat*, and how that he muſt reſolve to obey them. He was beginning to deplore his Misfortunes, when I, all enraged with a violent deſpair, was ſearching for a Dagger I uſually carried with me, to have ſtabbed to the heart the moſt Criminal of men; and it would certainly have been a Pleaſure unexpreſſible, for me to have glutted my Eyes and my Rage in the Bloud of a Villain, for nothing elſe can atone for all his Perjuries.

My Poinyard, by a deplorable ill fate, was not then with me, which the more enraged me, and altogether ſo oppreſt me with a fatal Weight, that quite blinded with the violence of an angry Paſſion, I ſunk down on the floor. *Muſtapha* would have raiſed me, but I abhorred him too much to ſee him near me, unleſs it had been in my power to have then given him Death. *Ah, Villain*, ſaid I, *if thou wilt continue to torment me, thou needeſt but to tarry here; I was curſt the firſt moment*

moment that I ſaw thee, and have ever ſince remained ſo.

He endeavoured then to clear himſelf as much as poſſibly he could, proteſted he ſtill loved me, and that nothing but a prevention of an inevitable Ruin of me, the Grand Viſier, and himſelf, could have forced him to do ſo ill an Act. *Thou oughteſt*, ſaid I, *to have let us periſhed all together, rather than to have been perjured, to have made the unjuſt Sultan periſh, to let the whole World be ruined, rather than have treated me thus, but ſince thou wert of ſo baſe a Temper as to prefer an inglorious Life before a glorious Ruin, thou oughteſt to expiate thy Crime by thy Death, and though thou didſt not love well enough, to have died to have been juſt to that Paſſion. Be juſt at leaſt to thy Honour, and die for thy Perjuries; go, and never let me ſee thee more.* I turned from him then, and he left me, after having ſaid, *You are mad, I am unhappy, and I muſt be gone.* I was reflecting (perſued *Zayda*) on all I had done for a Crown, how I had ſacrificed my Love

Love to the Hopes of it, and how I was diſappointed, when you enter'd. And thus I have given you an account of this Engagement, and of the Perjuries of the moſt undeſerving of Men.

Thus did *Zayda* finiſh her Relation. The Sultana *Homira*, in another time, would have died with Rage at the Confeſſion ſhe made her of her being in Love with *Amurath*; but he had uſed the Sultana too barbarouſly to merit any thing of Tender from her: He had expoſed her Letters, and baſely rendred her as ill Offices as poſſibly, though it was by her he made himſelf firſt conſiderable.

Homira had learnt the whole Deſpair of *Zayda*; ſhe valued nothing now ſhe ſaw her hopes baffled, her Ambition ruined, and all her great expectations vaniſht. The Sultana, though ſhe had heard particulars, could draw nothing advantagious to her deſigns of ruining *Muſtapha* and the Grand Viſier; ſhe ſaw ſhe had all the

the Revenge this Rancountre could give her, and ſince ſhe failed of murdering ought but their Repoſe, ſhe triumphed in doing that; though it is a truth, ſhe had done *Mahomet* Baſſa and the fair *Zayda* the moſt ſenſible Injury; and perhaps this later would have rather ſhe had robb'd her of her Life, than a Crown, which in all appearance had been hers, had not the Sultana *Homira* diſcovered to the Grand Signior their Engagements. *Zayda* did not know how much ſhe was obliged to her, but when ſhe helpt her to rail at the Prince, believed her the greateſt of her friends, and uſed her accordingly. The treacherous Sultana, after her Careſs, believed ſhe would receive any Advice ſhe gave her, and firſt conjured her to be her friend, as ſhe was ſincerely hers, feign'd her Anger to *Muſtapha* to all the height imaginable, and would fain perſuade her to the Reſolutions of ſome way or other to give him the Death he deſerved. Her Diſſimulation terminated in this; but

Zayda,

Zayda, who had no manner of Inclination for the Prince, and who, ſince ſhe had failed of murdering him the firſt time, altered her Reſolutions; She conſidered his Death could not place the Crown ſhe had loſt upon her head, and was reſolved to loſe the thoughts of him, and to retire from *Conſtantinople*, aſſiſted by the advice of the Grand Viſier, who was ſenſibly diſpleaſed, but durſt not appear ſo. She will diſſemble, and try, if, in the Arms of *Amurath*, ſhe could find ſome Tranquility after this unexpected Misfortune.

The end of the Firſt Part.

THE AMOURS OF THE Sultana of *Barbary*.

The Second Part.

THE Sultana of *Barbary*, × during all these Transactions, was reflecting of the Assignation she had given the Prince *Tiridate*; ⁂ the Sultan left her late that night, so that it was already morning, when *Indamora* came into the Gardens, agitated by a number of Disquiets and Fears,

× *Dutchess of portsmouth*
⁂ *philip de Vendôme, Grand-prior of france.*

Fears, ſhe would hear, what he would ſay to her, ſhe would clear her ſelf to him, and yet ſhe does not know for what reaſon; ſhe begins to fancy ſhe loves him more than ſhe does any, ſhe deſires he ſhould believe, not Love but Intereſt made her what ſhe then was; ſhe apprehended a Paſſion for the amiable *Auguſtus* would ruin her, and yet ſhe has not Power to ſuppreſs it; it was *Tiridate* had firſt taught her, how to love well, and it was he, that had, ever ſince (maugre her Paſſion for *Alcander*,) been very dear to her, and, further, it was he, that had been content, for her, to ſuffer an inglorious Exile, and though it was a hard Baniſhment, kindly meant, ſince it reprieved him from an ignominious Death, yet it was what loſt him all his Fame, and all his Friends; the fair Sultana was ſenſible of this, and though ſhe had had no concern for him, Gratitude would make her acknowledge her ſelf obliged, for perhaps there was not a Man in the World, would do ſo much for the Love of her; ſhe was

not

not at all diſpleaſed with the Murtherer of *Alcander*, becauſe in the Perſon of *Tiridate*.

The Prince had all theſe Advantages on his ſide, the fair Sultana had an amorous Soul, a Receptacle of Tenderneſs, and, in a word, ſhe knew not how to be cruel to a Man ſhe had been ſo intimately acquainted with, yet the Fate of *Homira* was a reſtraint to her for ſome moments, and but for ſome moments; ſhe conſidered her Indiſcretion loſt the Sultan more than her Licentiouſneſs, ſhe was not diſcreet, without which, a Woman is in a deplorable Condition.

The Sultana of *Barbary* was aſſured ſhe wanted no cunning, nor an aſcendant over the Great *Acmat*, to hinder him from ſeeing and believing what ſhe did not give leave to, and perhaps ſhe had ſome Apprehenſions of *Tiridate*, ſhould ſhe be more cruel now, than in the Emperor's Court, he had Letters of hers, and, in ſhort, it was in his Power to make a miſunderſtanding between the Sultan and her, notwithſtanding

ſtanding her boaſted power over him; agitated, I ſay, by all theſe different Reflections, ſhe entred the Gardens of the Seraglio, and immediately paſſed to the covered Walks, where ſhe expects to find the Religious Prince, not conſidering the Cuſtom of the place, which permitted none (but thoſe of the Seraglio, the Sultan and the chief Gardiner) upon pain of death, to tarry there after night. However ſhe goes, ſhe comes, ſhe looks about, ſhe enters all the Grottoes, and at length, in one of the moſt retir'd ones, ſhe ſees a Woman alone, wrapt up in her Barnus, ſupinely laid on one of the Banks, and reading a Letter by the help of the Moon, which lent her light enough.

The fair Sultana, diſappointed as ſhe was of ſeeing *Tiridate*, reſolved to amuſe herſelf with the diſcovery of that perſon that was ſo cloſely conceal'd under a Barnus. She entred the Grotto with Caution, and obliged the other to look round her, by taking that Letter from her. *Inda-*

mira

mira had long ſince been above what ever any but the Queen Sultaneſs could ſay to her, and if ſhe dreaded any thing beſides, it was the Malice of *Homira*; ſhe prepared to read the Letter; but how was ſhe ſurprized to ſee there the name of *Tiridate Auguſtus*? ſhe teſtified her Amazement by a loud Cry, and addreſt her ſelf (after having thrown the Letter from her) to embrace the other ſhe had taken it from: She believed it could be no other but the Religious Prince under that Diſguiſe; *how ingenious is Love, my* Auguſtus! ſays ſhe, *and how am I to ask thy Pardon for making thee wait thus long. The Sultan had but juſt left me as I entred theſe Gardens, where I had almoſt loſt all hope of ſeeing thee; he exacts all ones time, and one can find almoſt none to give to love.* She ended here, and wondered the ſuppoſed *Tiridate* made her no Returns, but ſtoopt to take up the Letter, which when he had done, he infinitely ſurprized her, by owning himſelf to be the Grand Signior under the Diſguiſe of a Woman Slave. *In-*

damora,

damora, at this Confeſſion, knew not what excuſe to make; ſhe believed her ſilence would plead beſt, and to prevent her from ſaying any thing, ſhe ſwooned, but immediately recovered at the Aſſurance given her by him that held her, he was not the Sultan, but *Mahomet* Baſſa; ſhe is raiſed by this Aſſurance, and laught with him at that fear ſhe expreſſed by his Fallacy. Had it been any other but the Grand Viſier, ſhe had been undoubtedly ruined by what ſhe had ſaid; but he it was to whom ſhe was obliged for all her Grandeur, and one whom ſhe had made acquainted with all her weakneſſes. She amazedly required of him the reaſon of his Diſguiſe, and by what means that Letter had come into his hands, which ſhe ſaw was addreſt to her ſelf, and which the Grand Viſier read thus to her,

You are certainly too full of Guilt, and too conſcious of it, to dare endeavour the clearing your ſelf; How is it, that you have ordered me to attend you to night in the

the covered Walks of the Garden of the Seraglio, *and then not to come! Conſider with your ſelf, what a faithleſs inconſtant Woman you are, though I poſſeſs neither the Rank, nor the Merit, of the Sultan, a great deal more is due to my Love; what he has done for the Sultana of* Barbary, *has not at all injured his Glory or his Power; but what* Tiridate *has done for the fair inconſtant* Indamora, *has ruined all he had dear in this World: Conſider this, (unjuſt Princeſs!) and know, that, maugre all what you have done, I ſtill adore you, and am come to* Conſtantinople *to receive your Orders, how I ſhall diſpoſe of my ſelf, ſince my Life and Death are but what you pleaſe to command 'em; yet, aſſure your ſelf, I can never ſuffer to live, and not poſſeſs (as formerly I did,) all that the Heavenly* Indamora *can call hers.*

After the reading of this Letter, which coſt the fair Sultana ſome Bluſhes, ſhe again conjured the Grand Viſier to ſatisfie her when he receiv'd it, and from whom; Why he was diſguiſed

guiſed ſo? And, Why he was ſo careleſs of his Safety, as to paſs a night in the Garden of the *Seraglio*? To all which *Mahomet* Baſſa anſwered by this following Relation.

I had no ſooner heard, ſays the Viſier, that it was a Revenge of *Homira*, that *Muſtapha*'s Engagement, with *Zayda*, was made known to the Sultan, than I reſolved to let her underſtand, by ſome Act, how I reſented the ill effects of her inverate malice; the Love I had had formerly for her, no longer diſquieted me, and if ſhe was dear to me one hour, I hated her the next as much, for her unjuſt Uſage of me, and all her Perjuries; ſhe denied, after her Promiſe, to give to me what a thouſand others poſſeſs'd; this, at firſt, was an unconſolable Affliction, but time, which conquers all Reſentments, of what nature ſoever, taught me not to value, and at length, to deſpiſe, the Weakneſſes of this unjuſt Sultaneſs; *Morat*, the chief Gardener, who is one of the greateſt of my Friends, received my Orders, to make his

his Addreſſes to her, and, when enjoy'd, to expoſe her; this was, I thought, the greateſt Revenge I could have, in that low Condition ſhe was in; 'tis true, it was by my deſigns ſhe became ſo, but ſhe had ſenſibly injured me ſince her diſgrace, and I muſt again revenge it: *Morat* made an effectual Addreſs, enjoy'd her, and, in a word, received another Aſſignation (in the remoteſt *Grotto* in the covered Walks of the Garden of the *Seraglio*,) for this Night; he was to be, as you ſee me now, in the Dreſs of a Slave, for the more Security; the Grand Gardener (who held not himſelf ſo obliged, by the Sultana's Favours, as to neglect what he owed to me,) failed not to learn me all that he knew. It was then that I found my Paſſion for her not extinct, and yet I hated her to the death, I thought it would be an infinite of Pleaſure to me, to take *Morat*'s place, and, by conſequence, poſſeſs what ſhe treacherouſly refuſed me; it was to me the higheſt Satisfaction in the World, to think, how ſhe would reſent this

Affront, after I ſhould diſabuſe her, when, in the room of the Grand Gardener, ſhe ſhould find the Grand Viſier, her moſt mortal Enemy; this (I ſay,) flattered my Love, and my Revenge, ſo much, that I put on the Slaves Dreſs, and, conducted by *Morat*, (who no longer valued the Sultana, ſince he had received from her all he could expect,) I entered the Gardens, and paſſed with ſilence to the covered Walks, I preſently diſcovered the beautiful *Homira* advancing towards an Eunuch, that, as I have ſince apprehended, waited there, by the Order of the Chriſtian Prince, for your arrival; however it were, the Sultana, who was alſo diſguiſed, approached the Eunuch, that attended there, made him believe ſhe came from the Sultana of *Barbary*, with Orders to receive the Letter, which the Slave, without any farther Examination, put into her hands; I preſently apprehended ſome ill deſigns, from that inraged Spirit, and, quitting *Morat*, who retired at the firſt ſight of her, doubled my

my pace, and was got up to her, before she had opened the Letter; *We are likely, my dear,* said she to me, in believing me to be the chief Gardener, *to make some Discoveries, here was, not long since, one of your Sex, though not so very much disguised as you, that put this Letter into the hands of an Eunuch, to deliver to the Sultana of* Barbary; *thou knowest, my dear, what Reasons I have to hate her, I easily got it from the Slave:* She then gave it to me to read; you may imagin the Joy I had to see it in my hands; we entered the Grotto, she would oblige me to let her hear what was in the Letter, I easily diverted her from it, I pretended the Passion I had for her, was too ardent to amuse the Heavenly Moments (which I bought with the hazard of my Life,) in Trifles, like those; (I told her,) that there was enough of other time, to give to things of that nature, and that Love would have reason to be angry, at me his glorious Favourite, if I lavish'd away the hasty happy hour, in such an unpardonable idle manner.

'Tis eaſie for you to divine, continued the Viſier, with a Smile, (and looking fixedly on *Indamora*,) how we entertained one another, ſhe believed me *Morat*, and I fancied her the *Homira* I had once loved, above the hopes of a bleſſed Eternity: In ſhort, I poſſeſs'd what I had ſo long ſigh'd for, and what ſhe had ſo unjuſtly denied me, maugre my tranſporting deſires of Revenge, I was forced to recollect all that could animate it, to be proof againſt this ſeducing Charmer; and I put a perfect violence on my Inclinations, by conſtraining my ſelf to do a cruel Action, after ſo pleaſing and ſo extaſtick a one, yet ſuch was my Fate, I muſt triumph, or muſt be triumphed over, 'tis eaſie to reſolve, which was the Choice I made, for when I had been this happy Man, for two hours, and had very often given, and received, Teſtimonies of a great and reciprocal Paſſion, I barbarouſly confeſſed my ſelf to be *Mahomet* Baſſa; certainly, all I could have contrived, in my whole Life, of Cruel, had not been ſo ill received

ceived by her, as this laſt Action of mine, yet ſhe continued ſome time very calm, and confeſſed, that not my Embraces had diſguſted her, but my former conduct to her, which was ſo baſe, that ſhe ſhould eternally remember, and eternally endeavour to revenge; ſhe careſs'd me for the Letter, which, when ſhe ſaw I was reſolved not to give her, ſhe flew out into an extreme violent Paſſion, ſhe threatned me with death, which ſhe aſſured me ſhe was reſolved ſhould be my Fate, for ſhe would inſtantly inform the Grand Signior of my coming to that ſacred place, in ſuch an hour, and an hundred other ridiculous Clamors, which I put an end to, by anſwering her, *Morat ſhould ſuffer whatever the Sultan ordained me of Puniſhment*; *Nay*, perſued I, *either change your Reſolution of diſcovering to* Acmat *my Crime, and your own Debauchery, or this ador'd Grand Gardener ſhall this hour be expiring by Poyſons, or my Scimitar, or ſhall be ſtrangled by Mutes: Conſider, how you can bear this, and take your*

meaſures accordingly. Theſe Threats had their deſired Succeſs, the Sultana retired, very much inraged at my manner of Revenge, and the more ſo, in that ſhe durſt not complain of me, without hazarding the Life of her dear *Morat*. You entered ſome moments after, the Letter you have, by a kind of Miracle; had *Homira* ſeen it, nothing could have preuented your ruin, have a care how you carry your ſelf, ſhe will certainly have an account of all your Conduct, which will be rendered as criminal as her Wit and Malice can make it; perhaps ſhe will too inform the Sultan of a Letter I had for you, and render us both ſuſpected; he loves you well enough to be jealous, (though none before could ever make him ſo;) the Sultaneſs *Homira* was an infamous Woman, and diſgraced, becauſe the Honour of *Acmat* required ſhe ſhould be ſo; he forgave her other Faults as Criminal, though not as publick as her favouring *Amurath*, and would not himſelf ſee, what the reſt of the World eaſily diſcern'd; *Tiridate* and *Homira* may

may ruin *Indamora* with the ſame eaſe, that *Amurath* and *Mahomet* Baſſa ruined her; act then with Caution, and remember, when you have once loſt the Sultan, all Endeavours will be in vain, to make him again love you; an Example of this we have in *Homira*, ſhe is, beyond compariſon, beautiful, ſo made to Charm, that it was almoſt a Miracle (great as her own Compoſer,) to think, how *Acmat*, of the Temper he is, could ever ceaſe from loving her, yet, nothing is more certain, than that he has: He cannot love *Indamora* more than he did *Homira*; you may, perhaps, have her Deſtiny, but all Endeavours muſt be uſed to hinder that fatal Curſe, baniſh *Aguſtus* from your Heart, for as long as he reigns there, you will not fail of being unhappy; Monarchs, like *Acmat*, when they give a whole Heart, expect a ſuitable return, and, as in Empire, ſo in Love, we can admit of no Competitors.

This I very well know (my Lord) replied the Sultana; but my auſpicious Stars have inſpired me with an unfortunate Paſſion for *Tiridate*, before I ever knew the Sultan; I have, before now, aſſured you of my Paſſion for him; but when you placed me with the Sultana Queen, that did not diſturb me ſo very much, I did not believe I ſhould ever ſee him again, and am yet to learn how it comes that he is protected here, in this Court. Poſſibly I had not conſented to pleaſe my Ambition, had I ever had any hope of being happy again in my Love; but the Object of it had, for me, ſuffered a Baniſhment, and retired to a place, where I could never have come, after my being taken and made a Slave in *Turky*. But my Lord, purſued the fair Sultana, with ſome great Sighs, and a Torrent of Tears, *I love the Prince, and cannot ceaſe from doing it, maugre all what you, my own Reaſon, or the whole World, can ſay to the contrary; and perhaps I had rather ſhare his Baniſhment with him, than never ſee him again.*

I firſt gave him my Honour, when I had no Love for him, and ſure, my Lord, now I have, 'tis not to be expected I ſhould treat him worſe than then: Ah! it is too cruel a Deſtiny, my capricious Fates will hurry me to a thouſand things, but all my Reſolves terminate in loving him eternally; and in this you muſt acquieſce, all our Sex has ſome weakneſs, this is mine, pity it then, (my Lord) and aſſiſt an unfortunate Woman, whoſe Good wholly depends on your Management. I would not ask this from you, were I not aſſured it is your Intereſt I ſhould live in the Favour of the Grand Signior; and further, (my Lord) you have hitherto protected and aſſiſted me, leave me not now, in the greateſt moment of my life. I would, without your aid, leave the Seraglio, confeſs my Paſſion to the Sultan for *Tiridate Auguſtus*, and declare to him the deſire I ſhould have of paſſing my whole life with him, remote from every thing but Love; but I flatter my ſelf, that with your aſſiſtance, and by the Aſcendent I have over *Acmat*, I may con-

tinue as I am. I have ſome Ambition with me, the Sultan gratifies it, and I muſt acknowledge it, though he is a Monarch very indifferent to me; and I know not what I could be capable of doing againſt him, ſhould he make my life uneaſie by diſturbing my love. To prevent it, I muſt endeavour to preſerve my ſelfe, in his Opinion, as guiltleſs of perfidiouſneſs as I am now in it.

She ſtopt here, to make room for the Returns of the Grand Viſier, who repreſented to her all ſhe had to fear from that manner of Conduct, the Life of the Chriſtian Religious, and her own; (but thoſe are things which Love renders but little perſuaſive, and we very often hazard them to ſatisfie the humours of the God.) *Mahomet* Baſſa at leaſt perſuaded the Sultana to carry her ſelf with more Caution than uſual, and to pretend more Paſſion and Tenderneſs for *Acmat* than ever. After this the Grand Viſier retired, the day began to break, and to tarry longer

ger would be hazardous, if he were known.

The fair Sultana was agitated by unexpreſſible Diſquiets; ſhe returned to the Seraglio, and with a Reſolution to write to the Religious Prince, which ſhe did, but then ſhe knows not how to have it ſafely delivered to him. What the Grand Viſier had ſaid to her, alarmed her; ſhe had reaſon to apprehend all things from *Homira*, who, upon very good Conſiderations, ſhe could not believe any thing but ill Offices could proceed from.

She muſt then uſe as much precaution as could be conſiſtent with her Love for the Prince, that being dearer to her than her Ambition; ſhe believed *Acmat* was ſecure in the Opinion of her ſincerity, her truth, and the Proteſtations ſhe had made him, and that more than ſuſpicions would be neceſſary to ruin her, it was her fault if Indiſcretion did it; ſhe has a thouſand Deſigns forming for the Conveyance of this Letter ſhe had writ; ſhe knows not whom to truſt, ſhe fears all things

from

from every one in the Seraglio. *Acmat* was the moſt beloved by his Subjects of any Prince under the Heavens; all that had the Grace to approach him were charmed with his eaſie Converſation, in which he always expreſt abundance of Wit; and for thoſe that were not permitted to be ſo nearly ſerviceable, they were retained by a thouſand Liberalities He was the moſt Generous of all men, and never in his life denied any thing that was asked him, though it was the ſame thing by ſeveral perſons; he gave it to all, and let them agree whoſe it were. All thoſe in the Seraglio ſeemed ſo devoted to his particular Intereſt, that it was an emulation amongſt them who ſhould ſerve him moſt, even in indifferent things; and whatever was newly acted or ſaid, was inſtantly recounted to him. The Sultana of *Barbary* was not to learn this; ſhe once reſolved to take her ſelf Eunuch's Habit, and paſs to the Apartment of *Tiridate* under that Diſguiſe; but all her people being affected, as I have obſerved,

ved; ſhe found none in whom ſhe might place a Confidence; her Diſguiſe was not poſſible to be aſſumed ſo privately as none was to know of it, and ſhe does not ſee where to find that one, ſo that by conſequence ſhe could not tell how to eſcape Cenſure and Ruin. She muſt then quit that Reſolution, and reſolve on ſomthing more poſſible; ſhe has greater deſigns than the Delivery of a Letter; that is but an imperfect Happineſs: She then tears that ſhe writ, reſolves on another Stratagem. She feigns herſelf all on a ſudden deſperately ill, commands the Sultan to be told of it in ſuch a manner as ſhould expreſs the greateſt danger. *Acmat* lov'd her beyond his Empires, and flies with all the haſte and terror of a paſſionate Lover, who would ſee his Miſtreſs before ſhe left the World. *Indamora* was aſſured of his Approach, and prepared to receive him in a condition the moſt moving of all, by terrible Swoonings and Convulſions, that *Acmat*, all deſperate at her appearance of ſo eminent danger,

gave

gave a very loud Cry; this ſhe pretends to hear, and, as if raiſed by it from a deep Lethargy which her faintings had left her in, ſhe called thoſe about her, Barbarous, in diſturbing that Repoſe ſhe was going to find in Death. *Acmat*, at her pronouncing that name, fell on his Knees by her Bed, and conjured her not to think yet of any thing but Life: She turned to the Sultan, and with that little Force that was left her, endeavour'd to raiſe him from the Ground, and made him ſit by her on the Bed: Then ſhe ordered all in the Room to retire, and addreſt herſelf thus to him, in a very low Voice,

You and Heaven, Sir, are ſenſible with how much Faithfulneſs I have loved you, and how much I was beloved again; I ſee my ſelf poſſeſs a Rank which would ſatisfie the moſt immenſe Ambition: But, Ah! my dear Sultan, added ſhe with tenderneſs, *it was not to gratifie that Deſire I became what I am; it was to ſatisfie a more refin'd Paſſion; you inſpir'd me with too tender Sentiments to deny*

yours

yours and my own happineſs; but, Oh! how have I ſerved my God by this gratifying my Criminal Paſſions? I muſt dye, Sir, and be accountable for all my weakneſſes; nay, my Sin is more, I am ſo obſtinate that I cannot repent of what gave us ſo much Pleaſure as our Engagements; I call Heaven to Witneſs, they bounded all my Felicities and all my Ambition, my Wiſhes and Deſires of ſatisfying Love and Glory were there terminated: But in the Condition I am in now, 'tis requiſite, I baniſh the memory of that Happineſs, and apply my ſelf after the Purſuit of a more durable, though not a more tranſporting one, of another nature. In all appearance, I have not many hours to ſurvive this, in which I ſpeak to you. Here ſhe loſt her Voice again, and ſwooned in the Arms of the Sultan: He called the Attendants to her Aid, and yet ſuffered none to touch her; he fancied that Service, which was requiſite to be rendred her, ought to be accompliſhed by none but himſelf; he then chaffed her, preſt her in his Arms, ſigh'd, wept; and in ſhort, committed

ted a thouſand Extravagancies, which were notwithſtanding pardonable in a Lover. In ſuch extremity of Anguiſh, *Ah! too lovely, and too dear* Indamora, (would he cry, all tranſported with deſpair) *you muſt not leave your Monarch thus, but I ſhall ſhortly follow; my Life is inſeparable with hers; Hear me*, Mahomet, *and if thou haſt a deſign to continue me thy Friend, reſtore me to Life and Health my dear Sultana.* *Indamora* would now riſe from her Swoon, ſhe believed ſhe had remained long enough in it, ſo that fetching two great Sighs, ſhe opened her Eyes with a dead Languor, and, in a Moment after, cloſed 'em again. *Acmat* was not able to ſuffer this cruelty; he repeated his Outcry, and ſnatched her with great Violence nearer him, as if by that Action he deſigned to hinder her from expiring. This gave her a good Pretence; ſhe ſeemed ſtartled at this emotion, and opening her Eyes, ſhe clos'd 'em no more again for that time. The Sultan, tranſported at ſo pleaſing an Object, ordered the Attendants

tendants Abſence, till he ſhould call them again; and turning to her with ſymptoms of joy for her Recovery, which did not however laſt long; for asking of her, *How ſhe was now*, and receiving no Anſwer, abſolutely believed ſhe was Speechleſs; he was now deſpairing, and in a very little of being in earneſt, what ſhe feign'd.

But all this had not effected what ſhe aimed at; ſhe thinks it's now time to begin, ſo that raiſing her head with an apparent Conſtraint, and in fainter Accents than before, with Interruptions and Tears, ſhe proceeds thus to the Grand Signior. I muſt now (Sir,) take my farewel of this World, or to ſpeak more properly of you, you being alone in the Room of all things to me; but as my time, (which I very well perceive is ſhort) ſo muſt my Diſcourſe be; I muſt employ ſome of my haſty moments to the reconciling my ſelf to my God, whom I have every way offended. I know you love me, above your Crowns, above your own Life; and

I flatter my ſelf, were it poſſible to ſave mine, by the loſs of yours, you would not fail to give me that Sacrifice. *Acmat* having aſſur'd her with paſſionate Aſſeverations, of the certainty of what ſhe ſaid, ſhe proceeded thus: But as that could not fail of killing me with Grief and Sorrow, ſo I ſhould not ſuffer it, this I ſay to aſſure you I know how dear I am to you; all I have now to recommend to your care, is the preſervation of your own Perſon; next, Sir, I bear my loſs with patience, the good Gods will ſend another in my room, to poſſeſs the Affection, I could never merit, and ſhe ſhall be as dear to you, as I am now. Ah! That is impoſſible, replied he, with a tranſporting ſorrow. Well, my (dear Prince) continued ſhe, ſince you ſay ſo, I will believe; but remember what I ſhall tell you, Deny not your ſelf all the Diverſions poſſible, I flatter my ſelf, my Death may ſome ſort make 'em neceſſary, ſince the only way, to expel a great Melancholy (ſuch as yours) is by Plea-

Pleaſures. And next, Oh Heavens! cried ſhe, as if torn with extremity of anguiſh, retire, and let me not die more full of torture by ſeeing, what a world of pain, my death will coſt you; Ah, my dear Prince, farewell. Here ſhe gave way, for the Sultan to lament her in the tendereſt manner of regret. You love me, ſays ſhe, (juſt as if expiring) convince me of it, in Death; and as the laſt, and greateſt ſervice, you can render to a Woman ſo dear to you, take ſome care of my everlaſting Welfare, ſend to me the Prince *Tiridate Auguſtus*, he is of my Religion, we were acquainted in the Emperors Court, I hear he is now in yours, I cannot die, but deſpairing, if I do not ſee him, 'tis neceſſary for my Eternal Happineſs, I receive from him Abſolution; 'tis long ſince, you allowed my Religion, you have now no room for wonder, at a deſire, ſo conſiſtent with it.

Acmat believing Obedience was the greateſt Teſtimony of his Affection, went to the Anti-Chamber, where the

the Attendants were in waiting, and ordered one of the Eunuchs to fly to the Holy Chriſtian Prince, and to command him inſtantly to come to the dying Sultana of *Barbary*, (to whom, after theſe words given,) he return'd, ſhe ſaid no more, pretended to be faln into a deep Lethargy, he kneel'd by her, kiſs'd her a thouſand times, and uttered all, that a violent Sorrow, and a great Paſſion, could inſpire, ſhed a torrent of Tears upon her Face, and flattered himſelf, (by the heat he found there,) ſhe was not yet expiring: It is almoſt a Miracle, how the Sultana could deceive him, as ſhe did; but the Bed-Chamber was wholly darkened, and he the moſt Amorous, and blindeſt, of all Princes.

The Prince *Auguſtus* having received thoſe Orders from the Ottoman Emperor, was divided, if he ſhould obey, (ſince the cruel Diſappointment the night before,) but his Chaſity, and his Religion, (as it ought,) ſurmounted all particular Conſiderations, and he followed the Eunuch to her Apartments;

ments; the Sultan retired at the ſight of him, and cauſed himſelf to be conducted to his own, where he paſſed his time the moſt deplorably imaginable; it is eaſie to imagin, the Sultana continued not long in that appearance of danger, when ſhe ſaw none preſent but her dear Prince, (for whom ſhe had feign'd as ſhe did,) he approached the Bed with ſome amaze, *The Great God is Juſt* (ſaid he,) *to puniſh ſo immediately thy Perjuries to me! but this is not a time to upbraid you, 'tis convenient, for your eternal repoſe, you repent of them. But is it poſſible*, cry'd he, ſome moments after, *that* Indamora, *that Charming Creature, ſhould be ſo near leaving this World; 'tis abſurd to believe, ſo great a Miracle in Nature ſhould ceaſe to be, ſo early.*

You propheſie right, return'd ſhe, in raiſing her Head, *and* Indamora *is not yet to leave this World, and her unjuſt* Tiridate, *for whom I have feigned this Indiſpoſition. Do not you ſee I love you, I abandon my Sultan to aſſure you of it, and it is with ſome Difficulty, I have obtained*

tained your Preſence here. *Ah!* interrupted he her, *I am convinced, maugre all the former Appearances to the contrary: But*, perſued he a moment after, *Why did you diſappoint me in the Garden? And, Why did not you anſwer my Letter, I ſent you?* *Indamora* ſatisfied him of the Letter, recounted to him all that had happened in the Garden of the *Seraglio*, the preceding night, and further aſſured him, that ſhe recall'd and repented of all her Cruelty to him, in the Court of the German Emperor; that ſhe forgave him the Death of *Alcander*, ſince it was for the Love of her; and, in ſhort, all his unjuſt Suſpicions of her too.

The Prince had nothing now to doubt, but, made the moſt bleſs'd of all Men, had leiſure to give, and receive, Proteſtations of an inviolable Fidelity, and to compoſe their Quarrel, in a Charming manner.

He aſſured her, that it was for the Love of her, that he came to *Conſtantinople*; learnt her the Sorrow of the Great Dutcheſs Dowager of *Muſcovy*, when

when ſhe had heard of her being made a Slave, and preſs'd her to take ſome meaſures for the ſeeing one another for the future; it was impoſſible for him to viſit her again, unſuſpected. *Indamora*'s Malady was repreſented as a violent Poyſon, and of conſequence, ſince it was not to kill, ſhe muſt recover as ſoon as her pretended Diſtemper required.

The fair Sultaneſs demanded ſome time to conſider of what was to be done for their mutual repoſe, and aſſured him, ſhe would find out ſome way, to give him Notice, when ſhe had reſolved what ought to be done; the Prince kiſs'd her Hand, as a Pledge of his eternal Paſſion, and left her to go tell the Sultan ſomething to ſatisfie him; he found him thrown on his Bed, drown'd in Tears and in deſpair; none, not the Grand Viſier, ſo extremely in his Favour, was permitted to ſpeak to him, a gloomy ſilence fill'd the whole Apartment; all the Eunuchs, Slaves, and Guards, had Orders not to let any enter, the Prince though found

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it not difficult, for one of the Attendants telling the Great *Acmat*, that the Prince *Auguſtus* was returned from the Sultana of *Barbary*, and implored Permiſſion to ſpeak to him; he was preſently introduced, *Acmat* advanced to him very haſtily, and, in expreſſive Language, enquired News of her, and *Tiridate*, with abundance of Gravity, gave him this Return.

It was ſome time, Sir, after I entered, ere I could poſſibly bring her to ſay any thing to me; 'till, at length, recovering from that Lethargy, wherein you left her, ſhe diſcourſed me much to her Satisfaction, but in ſuch intolerable Pains, and ſo weak a Voice, that I could not believe her deſtin'd to live an hour: Amid'ſt all her terrible Agonies, ſhe often named you very tenderly, ſhe ſighed, when ſhe repeated the Name of the Sultan, and appeared to have no other regret, in her quitting this World, but as ſhe left you behind her. Twice whil'ſt I was by her Bed, I believed her expiring, but the Phyſicians ſay now, there is no manner of danger, they knew not at the firſt what ailed her, but the horrid Pains,

pains ſhe ſuffered, her Agonies, her Swoonings and her Convulſions, has aſſured them ſhe has been poiſoned; but her Youth and Vigour has maſter'd the height of it: She is put to reſt, and with great hopes of Recovery, the extremity being already paſt, and we hope, moſt of the greateſt danger:

The Sultan was ſo ſenſibly pleas'd with this Relation, that from that Moment he began to treat the Prince in an extraordinary manner; he enquired of him a thouſand little things, would force him to ſtay with him, *That we may* (ſays the great *Acmat*) *both together viſit the dear* Indamora, *when ſhe ſhall awake.*

'Tis apparent, he had no Inclinations to Jealouſie, not but that the moſt barbarous man would have ceas'd to have been ſo in that point, having ſeen the fair Sultana in that deplorable Condition the Grand Signior left her in. He attended with impatience till ſhe ſhould riſe from her Sleep, which ſhe really did not in two hours after the Phyſicians had been with

her, and delivered their Opinions, (as the Prince *Aguſtus* had recounted them to the Sultan) who all impatient to be perſonally aſſured of her Recovery, paſſed to her Apartments. The Moment he was told, ſhe awoke, it is beyond being defined the extreme Paſſion he expreſt, the joy and pleaſure he took in ſeeing her freed from her pretended Malady. The Prince, (Jealous to Madneſs of ſo much Ardour,) could not but ſilently upbraid the unjuſt Sultaneſs for being falſe to a Monarch ſo accompliſht and ſo well made, as *Acmàt*; but as it was in his advantage, he did not ſuffer that Reflection to diſturb him long. He wiſh'd himſelf out of the Seraglio; he continued there in intolerable Diſquiets; 'tis true, the Grand Signior brought him again to the Chamber of *Indamora*, but he had not the liberty to ſpeak to that dear Princeſs, the Sultan ſo wholly applied himſelf to her, none could be heard beſides; he pleas'd himſelf with recounting to her all that her appearance of danger had made

made him ſuffer, learnt her the Cares, the Sighs, the Tears he ſhed for her, and in ſhort, was two hours by her Bed on his Knees, and would not be perſuaded to riſe, but amuſed the time with, *I love*; *I feard for you*; *I could not ſurvive you*; and a hundred other things of the ſame nature.

The Prince, during all theſe fooleries, was impatient enough; he conſider'd he was there but as a Witneſs to a thouſand Tranſports of his Rival; but he had no reaſon to complain; he had been more happy not long before, and if any had reaſon to be diſſatisfied, it was the Sultan, *Indamora* was only grateful to this later, and ſhe paſſionately loved the former.

After two hours, the Prince *Tiridate* was call'd to ſhare the Converſation with the Sultan and Sultana; he charm'd all with his pleaſing Wit; and *Acmat* would often ſay, *He regretted nothing ſo much, as his having not been intimately acquainted before then with a Prince of his merit.* This was a Grace to the amorous *Tiridate*, and

he ſaw every moment how much the Grand Signior favoured him, who, when he quitted the Apartment of *Indamora*, which could not be done without Reluctancy, being obliged to viſit the Sultana Queen, he carried him with him, to preſent him to her, to do his Homage there.

The Sultana *Homira* was then in the Preſence. *Auguſtus* had never before ſeen her, (nor none ſo beautiful as ſhe) he was dazled with a thouſand Graces, peculiar to her Divine Compoſure, her goodly Meen, and though ſhe had loſt much of what ſhe was, when the Mrs. of the Sultan, yet ſhe failed not of drawing from the Prince *Auguſtus* ſome ſighs: He was wholly confounded when ſhe firſt appeared, and it was of excellent uſe to him, the recollecting all his Love, and all the Beauties of *Indamora*, to reſiſt the Power of *Homira*'s. However it was, he was not Conquer'd, but retired with the Sultan only in Admiration of her.

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The Grand Signior had very well obſerved the Change of *Tiridate* when the Sultana *Homira* appeared; he heard ſome tender ſighs, which he believed could proceed from nothing but Adoration: Nothing could give this Monarch more Joy than *Aguſtus*'s Paſſion for *Homira*; he had no longer any Intereſt in her. though he ſtill admired her; he asked *Tiridate*'s opinion of her, who anſwered ſo confuſedly, that the great *Acmat* fell a laughing: this raiſed the Prince from his Contemplations, and gave him a ſenſe of his Remiſneſs; he would excuſe himſelf to the Sultan: *No, no,* (ſaid that Monarch) *it needs not that; I have my ſelf more than Adored* Homira; *all that ſee her, ſee her with concern, and I ſhould wonder if you, whoſe Soul is amorous and great, deſponded.*

The Prince, who found it not againſt his Inclinations, and who believed that this pretended Paſſion would wholly engage the Sultan from any Jealouſie of him and *Indamora*, anſwered ſo as made the Ottoman Em-

peror believe he had divined rightly, and that the Prince was ſenſibly affected with the Sultana *Homira*.

They were paſſing through a great Gallery, that divides the Womens Apartments from the Sultan's, when a Slave vail'd came up to the Prince, delivered him a Letter, and retired with Precipitation.

The Grand Signior, who was the beſt bred man, and the moſt compliſant, in the World, gave leave for the Prince to read it there: *Who knows*, ſays the Sultan, agreeably ſmiling, *it may be of moment, and the Lady that ſends it to you may be impatient of a Return.*

Tiridate trembled for *Indamora*, and for himſelf, he believed it was from her, and ſhould he open it before the Sultan, he muſt obſerve a Civility that could not be diſpenſed with; *Acmat* muſt ſee it: The Prince then choſe rather to ſuſpend his Curioſity, and to tell the Sultan, *He knew better what Reſpects were to be paid him, than to treat him after that manner, though he*

was

was ſo indulgent to permit him more than he durſt make advantage of.

The Sultan wanted not Comprehenſion to divine the cauſe that the Prince would not open the Letter, after what he had ſaid to him; and though he might have commanded it, he choſe rather to oblige *Tiridate*, and remain himſelf unſatisfied: He rallied him for the Gallantry as muſt of neceſſity be in the Billet, ſince it came from the Seraglio; *You are a happy man, Prince*, ſays the Sultan, *you are no ſooner ſeen than Engagements of heart follow; ſome of the Women you ſaw on the Queens ſide are certainly charmed, and from thence we are not at all to doubt but this Letter proceeds.*

Aguſtus was confounded what Anſwer to make, when the Sultan, who ſaw the Pain he was in, very obligingly order'd ſome of the Eunuchs to conduct him out of the Seraglio; *Go, go*, ſays *Acmat, and ſee what Love has done for you; I expect you will be ſo juſt as to allow me ſome ſhare in your Confidence; I think I ought to be told ſome-*

thing of this Amour, ſince it was I that conducted you to the Queen Sultaneſs's Apartment, from whence, as I ſaid to you before, this Billet is certainly come. Nor was he deceived; for the impatient Prince was yet advanced no farther than the Limits of the Womens Apartments, when he tore open the Letter, and found this Language;

WHen you ſhall know, as I do not at all doubt to aſſure you, convincingly of it, what Love has done for you, you will perhaps have reaſon not to think your ſelf altogether unhappy; ſee what it is to have a ſtrong Paſſion, one needs to ſee you but once, (as I have done) to be inſpir'd with one; Care is taken to put the way of returning theſe Obliging Sentiments wholly in your Power, take an implicit Faith, you need but Love well enough, to come to morrow in the Evening, (diſguiſed like a Woman Slave) to the Grotto in the Labyrinth, in the Gardens of the Seraglio, and you will be happy enough, if Love and the Sultana Homira *can make you ſo.*

Aguſtus

Aguſtus knew not whether he ought to be ſatisfied at his good fortune, he ſtrongly admired *Homira*, but then his Charming Intelligence, with *Indamora*, repreſented it ſelf to him, whereas the other was a Lover in common, unconſtant, a lightneſs of Humour unexpreſſible, however extream Beautiful, and the Prince was not inſenſible, he believed it no injuſtice at all, to his paſſion for *Indamora*, (ſince ſhe was a preſident to him, in living with the *Sultan* in the Quality ſhe did) if he amuſed himſelf ſome times with *Homira*, conditionally he reſerved his Heart for the *Sultana* of *Barbary*, but his laſt Reſolution is to be guided by the command of the *Sultan*, ſince it was in a thing ſo abſolutely indifferent to his Paſſions, though not to his Pleaſures, he returned then, under the conduct of the *Eunuch*, to the *Grand Signior*. As ſoon as the *Sultan* ſaw him, *Are you come Prince* (ſaid he) *to give me ſome manner of light into a Myſtery, which I would fain fancy my ſelf concerned in,*

ſince you are intereſs'd in it. The Prince did in return to theſe Obligements, give him the Letter, bowing low, and an aſſurance the whole was to be carried on as he pleaſed to order it. The Sultan had but juſt read the Letter, when (he cried out) Ah, Prince, you are a happy Man, I propheſied right, you muſt follow your Inclinations, and your better Fortune, you have confeſſed to me *Homira* does not diſpleaſe you, and that *Sultaneſs* has given a Teſtimony of her Tenderneſs for you, we will this moment go to *Indamora*, you ſhall along with me, and relate to her this Adventure, poſſibly it may divert her, one taſtes no true pleaſure in any thing till one imparts it, and receives the approbation of our Friends, and in a more extraordinary manner, thoſe we love ſo well, as I do the Sultana of *Barbary.*

Tiridate would have been very well pleaſed, to have been excuſed, from doing what the Sultan had then propoſed, but in conſideration that *Indamora* could not love him leſs, for *Homira's*

mira's weakneſs, he reſolv'd to follow the great *Acmat* to her Apartments, which in effect he did, ſome moments after.

The *Sultana* of *Barbary* not at all believing the *Sultan* would have return'd ſo ſoon, quitted her Chamber, and deſcended the Gardens to walk: *Acmat* could not poſſibly believe it, till he was confirmed by her return; ſhe uſed ſome ſlight pretence, which however ſatisfied the *Sultan*, deſiring nothing beyond her health, he did perfectly drown all manner of reflection in a great joy, for the return of it, expreſs his ſatisfaction in the tendereſt of Languages; from that he paſſed to a Relation of the Amour of *Homira*, and all along repreſented *Tiridate Auguſtus* in Love with that Sultana. *Indamora* chang'd colour very often at what had been told her, but the pretence of indiſpoſition took off all manner of ſuſpition, and gave her a plauſible excuſe; ſhe endeavour'd to appear pleas'd at the good fortune of the Prince, and preſs'd him to declare

what he had reſolv'd on, the cruel, or the tender, part; But purſu'd ſhe a moment after, I forget you are in Love, Prince, and I do ill to ſuſpect you of Barbarity. I am in Love indeed, Madam, (replied he) my Chains are glorious, ſhe whoſe Captive I am, and for whom I wear 'em, is ſo fair, that ſne is ſecure of the Conqueſt; I am flatter'd by her, ſhe is not inſenſible, and I ſee nothing that can hinder me from loving her eternally; I have a paſſionate inclination for conſtancy, and think that vertue, above all others. She you love then, Prince, will be of neceſſity happy, (returned the fair Sultana) very well knowing *Aguſtus* ſpake of her ſelf, but take heed leſt I may one day accuſe you, remember before whom you give your ſelf ſuch a marvellous Commendation, I aſſure you, if ever we are ſatisfied of your inconſtancy, I will be with the firſt that ſhall upbraid you of it, I muſt defend our Sex (Sir) continued ſhe, addreſſing to the Sultan. The Prince will by his Actions, (replied *Acmat*)

(not

(not at all ſuſpecting they talk'd of themſelves) and by his perſeverance I do not queſtion, take the part of ours better then all that can be ſaid; to begin, he ſhall be at the Aſſignation, and my dear *Sultana*, ſince I ſee you dare this very day, wherein we all feared for you, venture to the Graden, you ſhall be there with me to morrow night, to ſee how the Prince will manage his diſguiſe, he has my leave to go, and perhaps we ſhall find a great deal of diverſion in the Adventure.

The *Sultana* at firſt reſolv'd not to go there, but conſidering the thoughts of her being in the Garden, would poſſibly be an awe to inconſtancy in *Tiridate*, ſhe gave the *Sultan* an Aſſurance of her Obedience to all his Commands, who retired ſome moments after with the Prince.

Indamora had now leiſure to reflect on all ſhe had learnt, ſhe is ſenſibly afflicted at it, ſhe lov'd the Prince *Auguſtus* more than ever ſhe had done, and abhorr'd the *Sultan* for promoting

ing an Amour which could not be for her advantage, and she was within little of taking resolutions to revenge it on him; she fears *Tiridate* could not be insensible to the most beautiful of all Women, melting into tenderness for him, but if her Charms could not move him to a return, she dreads the assistance of Gratitude, (which is inseparable from a Gallant-Man) add to all this a more prevailing Circumstance, he is obliged to feign a Passion, or else the *Grand Signior* will be disabused in an opinion of his concern for the *Sultana Homira*; but to prevent, if possible, all these cruel Apprehensions, she resolves to write to the Prince; The way of conveying it was no longer so difficult, he had been thrice in her Apartments that day, and once without the *Sultan*, she believed none of her Slaves, her Eunuchs, Women of Guards, would make any reflection, should she write to him; which she did in this manner.

Judge

JUdge (my Lord) if I have not all things to fear; You need not to be told I love you above all things, you ſaw what was done for you to day, Favours ſo extraordinary as thoſe could not proceed from any motive but that of a great Paſſion; ah, be not ingrateful, nor unfaithful, you promiſed me before the Sultan an Eternal Conſtancy, aſſure me (by this Slave) you continue ſtill in the Bleſt Reſolution, I have need of Conſolation, without it I am jealous to extremity, that is, I love you beyond all that were ever ſenſible of that Paſſion, avert my Fears, pity and receive them, as Teſtimonies of a great Tenderneſs.

The Letter was given in charge to a faithful Eunuch, (with expreſs Orders to deliver it into the Hands of the Prince and none other) mean time ſhe buſied her ſelf in a thouſand reflections, ſhe lov'd the Prince even to the committing Crimes for his ſake, and ſhe then took Reſolutions, to make any ſerve her that could conduce to the better fortune of this Paſſion, but the

the return of the Eunuch rows'd her from thoſe thoughts, he had found *Aguſtus* with eaſe, who was impatient enough to ſatisfie the *Sultana* of *Barbary*; which he did by this Letter.

ONce for all, deareſt Indamora, *learn to be aſſur'd, my Paſſion is greater than yours, I have the moſt to fear; if you command it, I will not take with* Homira *the Liberty you give to the* Sultan, *the Sacrifice is conſiderable, and to add to the Merit, know, I think her (next you) the fineſt Woman in the Earth, and one that I ſhould moſt love, but this ought not to alarm you, I have ſatisfied you what I have reſolv'd on, to morrow night ſhall put an end to an Amour that gives you ſuch cruel Apprehenſions; I love more than you, you will not forgo the Sultan, and yet I remove all what you except againſt.*

The *Sultana Homira* after the Adventure of *Mahomet Baſſa* in the Gardens, was tranſported with Rage, with deſign of Revenge, and yet ſhe is not dif-

diſpleaſed to find him ſtill a Lover, yet that ſhall not ſave him from Ruin, ſhe wants only power, and not inclinations, or he had not liv'd till then, to triumph over her in ſuch a ſenſible manner: Nothing more offends a haughty Beauty, than to find the Man that one hates, be in a poſſibility of boaſting of the ſame Favours, we give to thoſe that are beloved: This ſhe regretted, and whilſt buſie in contriving a Revenge, ſhe let ſelf reflect on that Billet the Eunuch had orders to deliver to the *Sultana* of *Barbary*; ſhe fancies ſomething advantageous for her deſigns could be gather'd from it, ſhe ſaw *Indamora* was no longer what ſhe had made the whole Seraglio believe her, that ſhe receiv'd Letters, and in ſhort, that it was eaſie to ruin her.

She had all theſe Reflections in the Garden of the *Seraglio*, ere ſhe returned to her Apartments, which ſhe did, as incenſed as ſhe could poſſibly be, againſt a Man ſhe ſo much eſteem'd, under the Diſguiſe of *Morat* the Grand

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Gardener; and will ſee, if ſhe can ruin the Sultana of *Barbary*, and by that blow, put the Grand Viſier from ſome of the Favour he retained: She begins with a Reſolution of ſounding the Inclinations of *Indamora*, ſhe believes them of the nature of her own, ſince they were of the ſame Sex; there wants nothing then, but to know whom ſhe Graces, that muſt be ſatisfied by *Zelida*, (her chief Slave,) ſhe ſends for her, makes her believe, her ruin was inevitable, that *Indamora* would fall, and involve her in her Misfortunes, that it was her beſt courſe to take care of her ſelf, ſince the Sultana of *Barbary* would not do it for her; that the only means was, to acquaint the Sultan with her Miſtreſs's Intrigues, which he would certainly know, by thoſe that were wiſer than ſhe ſhould be, if ſhe neglected that opportunity of making her Fortune for ever: But, how was *Homira* diſappointed, when the Slave aſſured her, ſhe never ſaw *Indamora* commit the leaſt Weakneſs, in Advantage of any Man; but retired

tired, with a Promiſe to the Sultana, of obſerving her more narrowly, for the time to come, than ſhe had yet done; which, too fatally, ſhe did, and the ſame day return'd to *Homira*, with an account of all that had pas'd in *Indamora*'s Chamber; during her Indiſpoſition, *Zelida* had concealed her ſelf behind a Canopy, over a State in the great Cabinet joyning the Chamber the Sultana lay in, from whence, unperceived, and with abundance of eaſe, ſhe ſaw all that was done, ſhe recounted the Sultan's deſpair, her Swoonings, her Paſſion for the Religious Prince, and all ſhe ſaid and did of tender to him: *Homira* was pleaſed at this good Fortune, but there is ſomething that ſtays her, from yielding to her paſſionate Deſires of Revenge; her own Inclination, which was become tender, ſurmounted it; ſhe had heard *Tiridate Auguſtus* was a fine Prince, his Character was very Glorious, ſhe would yet ſee him before ſhe ruined him, which ſhe muſt of neceſſity do, if the Ingagement between him and the fair Sulta-

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na of *Barbary* was related to the Grand Signior; ſhe bids *Zelida* look for ſome Letters, telling the Slave, that whatever they could ſay, without Authentick Teſtimonies to authoriſe it, would be of no uſe, and that they ſhould themſelves be the Perſons expoſed; this ſhe does to divert *Zelida*, whom ſhe had no mind ſhould yet learn the Sultan any thing of the Prince *Aguſtus*, *Homira* knew not, if ſhe ſhould like him yet, or no, if her Inclinations are favourable, after ſeeing of him, he ſhall be ſaved; or, on the contrary, ruined with the Sultana of *Barbary*.

See then, on what a ſlender thing the Life of *Aguſtus* depended; but it was his own Fault, he was not happy, the Sultana *Homira* was charmed with him at the Queen Sultana's Apartments, where, as has been related, the Sultan carried him: She writ that Letter (which he received in the Preſence of the Great *Acmat*,) with a deſign of gaining an opportunity of entertaining him ſingly; ſhe was not accuſtomed to be cruel, and without the

the Inclination ſhe had for *Tiridate*, the deſire ſhe had of Revenge, would have made her endeavour to oblige the Prince, as powerfully as ſhe could, ſhe will uſe all her Arts, to make him quit *Indamora* for her, without which they ſhall both fall; ſhe will now become more nice than ever, ſhe thinks of ingaging the Heart, and will not be ſatisfied without the intire Poſſeſſion of it, ſhe cannot ſupport the thought of ſharing with *Indamora*, whom ſhe mortally hated, and whom ſhe does not queſtion but to ruin, if once deſerted by the Prince: She is impatient to know the ſucceſs of her Billet, *Zelida* had delivered it, and return'd to give her an account, that ſhe had obey'd her Orders, (though not without terrible Apprehenſions of the Sultan;) from thence the Slave paſſed to the Lodgings of the Sultana of *Barbary*, where the Sultan and the Prince *Tiridate* were already come, *Zelida* abſconds her ſelf, as before, and with the ſame eaſe heard all that was ſaid; the Letter of the Sultana *Homira* was read aloud by *Indamora*,

damora, and thoſe Reſolutions taken as has been before related; all which *Zelida* very perfectly remembered, the Slave had ſtore of Senſe, ſhe had been placed by *Acmat* in the Service of the Sultana of *Barbary*, and was very true to his Intereſt; it was from *Homira*'s Diſcourſe ſhe took a reſolution to obſerve the Conduct of *Indamora*, which, if criminal, ſhe believed it her Duty, to (at once,) let the Sultan ſee, how faithful ſhe was, and, how undeſerving of his Heart and Favours the Sultana rendered her ſelf; ſhe ſaw her write a Letter, and heard the Orders ſhe gave the Eunuch, ſhe contrives, how ſhe might read it, but the diligence of the Slave, that had it in charge, prevented her, ſo that all ſhe could poſſibly effect, was to ſecure the Anſwer, which ſhe did thus.

Zelida had the charge of the Wardrobe, and, as *Indamora* had left the Letter, it was eaſie to get it, ſhe had looſed her ſelf to be put to Bed, ſome ſhort time after receiving it, *Zelida* being very diligent, waited ſo effectually,

ally, that the Robes the Sultana wore that day, (and which the Letter was in,) were immediately put into her hands, ſhe retired with it to the Sultana *Homira*; 'tis beyond expreſſion the Paſſion of this Princeſs, at the reading it; *Ah, Traytor!* (ſays ſhe,) *Perjured Villain! Unhappy* Homira— *but I will be revenged— And yet,* (perſued ſhe, a moment after,) *Who knows, and, who dare truſt, Appearances; notwithſtanding this Letter, this Prince, perhaps, loves me, and it is writ but to ſatisfie the Sultana of* Barbary, *he can do no leſs, we muſt appeaſe her— To morrow will put a Period to all theſe Diſputes, and then I ſhall ſee, which it is he loves.* With theſe Reflections and Irreſolutions, ſhe paſs'd the night, and the following day, 'till the hour came of the Aſſignation; ſhe failed not to render her ſelf at the *Grotto* of the Labyrinth, much ſooner than *Auguſtus* did, and had thrown her ſelf on one of the Seats of Turf, and, leaning her Head upon her Arm, ſcarce raiſed it up when the Prince entered, diſguiſed,

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like a Woman Slave, the Sultana reſolved yet to diſſemble, ('till it ſhould be of uſe to her,) ſhe having ſeen the Letter he had writ to *Indamora*.

Homira believed, ſhe had already made Advances enough, ſhe would now diſſemble a Modeſty, very unneceſſary, after what Incouragement ſhe had given, and took a Pleaſure in perplexing him, which ſhe did, by not ſpeaking, or, pretending to know him, at firſt; he was ſurpriſed at this Uſage, and let fall ſome words, as expreſſed his miſtake, and his Fear of diſpleaſing her, by his Intruſion, and was going to uſe that pretext for retiring; this put an end to all the Comedy in Play, ſhe haſtily roſe, and reiterating, *Stay*, *Stay*; and after his return, *Ah*, *Prince*, (crys ſhe,) *Muſt one do all ones ſelf? And*, *Are you ſtupid? What has Reſpect to do with Love?* — *Aguſtus* knew not what to anſwer her, he repented him of the Promiſe he had made to *Indamora*, and wiſhed he had not obeyed the Sultana's Orders, by coming to the Gardens, where he had nothing to do,

but

but to hear himſelf reproved, upbraided, and railed at.

Homira ſeeing him muſe ſo much, divined the Cauſe, and no longer flattering her ſelf, that he loved her, in a languiſhing deſpair, ſhe let her ſelf ſink into his Arms, *Ah, ingrateful!* (ſays ſhe, with ſome great ſighs,) *Muſt* Homira *be then treated after this manner? Why do you torture me thus, by a ſcornful Silence?*

Tiridate, at that Action of hers, felt a remorſe for his Cruelty, and having in his Arms a Woman of the moſt Beauty, that had been ever poſſeſs'd by any, found it not in his Power, to continue that reſtraint to his Deſires; he ſpoke tenderly to her, excuſed his Silence, and bid her attribute it to his great Paſſion for her; preſs'd her in his Arms, (where ſhe lay,) ſighed a thouſand times to her, the moſt paſſionate of Tranſports, and was at the point of being very faithleſs to the Promiſe he had made *Indamora*.

The Sultana *Homira* ſeeing *Tiridate* no longer inſenſible, was firſt reſolved to ſee, if he would ſacrifice *Indamora* to her, before ſhe favoured him, and uſing ſome very obliging Reproaches to him, at length expoſed the Letter he had writ to the Sultana of *Barbary*, and, in a more ſerious Air, read it to him; after ſhe had done, ſhe roſe from him, and taking ſtill more Coldneſs, mingled with ſome Rage, See there, ſays ſhe, has not *Homira* all the reaſon in the World, to revenge the Injury thou doſt her? Oughteſt thou, Barbarian, to have expoſed me, and the trueſt of Paſſions, to the ſcorn of that Sultaneſs? Nothing thou can'ſt do can merit a Pardon. Ingrateful Prince, (perſued ſhe, drying ſome Tears that fell from her fine Eyes,) What wilt thou ſay to excuſe this, ſo cruel a Crime? But (interrupted the Prince,) and kneeling before her, Do not you ſee you have ſuch an Aſcendant over me, as to make me break through all the Oppoſitions, the Vows, and the Reſolutions, made in this fatal

tal Letter, to your Arms? Yes, ſays *Homira*, more calmly, (and with ſome Tenderneſs,) I do ſee it, and am pleaſed enough at it; there is one thing you muſt do, to attone for your Sin to me, 'tis wholly in your Power to deface as much as the remembrance of it, yield to me the Intereſt the Sultana of *Barbary* has in thee, aſſiſt me to ruin her, and then you may be happy, in the Poſſeſſion of a Princeſs, who tenderly loves you.

The Prince roſe from before her, (where he was kneeling,) very coldly, 'tis true, ſhe had pleaſed him, as a Miſtreſs, that one is not obliged to be conſtant to, and for whom we will do very little, beyond loving them when we are with them; yet, after what ſhe had ſaid of *Indamora*, he looked on her with Contempt and Indignation, and though he knew very well, that (for his Preſervation,) he ought to diſſemble with her, yet ſhe had ſtartled him, by ſo cruel a Propoſition, that it was not in his Power to anſwer her any thing; ſhe

knew what to attribute his ſilence to, and, becoming extremely incenſed againſt him, ſhe loſt, in a moment, all the Tenderneſs ſhe had for him, to give place to the Emotions of Anger and revenge, ſhe paſs'd from a warm Paſſion to a violent hatred, and (as a Teſtimony of it,) ſhe ſtamp'd furiouſly; You ſhall both dye, (ſays ſhe,) *Homira* will have it ſo; you ſhall know what it is to ſcorn a Woman, haughty, like me, and one that can revenge her ſelf; I will inſtantly inform the abuſed Sultan of your guilty commerce with *Indamora*, he is this moment in the Gardens, as I am aſſured, and if he does not order thy Death, he will be more merciful than thou deſerveſt. At the end of this ſhe haſtily ran out of the Labyrinth, *Aguſtus* perſued her, to throw himſelf at her Feet, and to endeavour to mitigate her Anger; ſhe had reaſon for it, and he could not much condemn her; he reſolved to diſſemble with her, and to make her a Sacrifice, to appeaſe her, of his Paſſion to *Indamora*; this he would do to

Appearance, any thing rather than ſee his dear Sultana expire, (by the Orders of the Sultan,) for his ſake, he will then feign, and flatter the Pride, the Revenge, and Paſſion of *Homira*, but it is to prevent the ruin and death of himſelf, and his Charming *Indamora*.

He look'd, he ran, he ſearched, he goes, he comes, but all in vain, ſhe was loſt in the Labyrinth, and the Prince, being utterly unacquainted with it, deſpaired of finding her, and growing extremely weary with ſeeking, he threw himſelf down, (on the border of a little Rivulet, at the Entrance of a retired *Grotto*, he had not been there long, agitated with all the Horrors of deſpair, than that he is ſeized behind, he ſtartled at the Action, and was more ſurprized, when he ſaw it was the Sultan, that held him, he did not doubt, but that he was then to dye, and that *Homira* had conducted *Acmat* there, to give him the death which ſhe threatened him with; he was at a loſs, how to ſpeak to the Grand

Signior, in ſuch a Conjuncture, when that Monarch baniſh'd all his Fears, (by a Charming Smile peculiar to him,) *Where have you left the Sultana* Homira? (ſays he,) *If I miſtake not, this manner of Carriage is not at all obliging to a Princeſs of her Sentiments. Aguſtus* was reaſſured, by what the Sultan had ſaid, and taking an Air that expreſſed his Reſentments; *Ah, (Sir,)* return'd he, *You have expoſed me; I know not the manner, how Love was made in* Turky, *I believed it the ſame as in* Germany, *where, after receiving ſuch a Letter, (as I did from* Homira,*) we expected all ſhould be given, and, if we ſtay'd to ask it, it is only to ſave the Bluſhes of the fair one, not that thoſe Formalities are neceſſary.*

But I am yet to learn, what is to be done with the Ladies in Turky, *what Court, what Addreſs, to charm: The Sultana* Homira *laughed at me, ridiculed me, and, in a word, is fled from me, I perſued her, 'till I had no longer any hopes of finding her; and ſee too plainly, I ſerve only to divert you, and that fan-*

fantaſtical Sultaneſs; but 'tis very well I am capable of doing that. Acmat ſmiled all the while as *Auguſtus* was talking to him, and ſeeing him appear ſo concerned, made him laugh more than ever; but that paſs'd, He examined the Prince ſeriouſly, the occacaſion of *Homira*'s Flight, after the tender Letter ſhe had writ; *Tiridate* would be more and more in a pet, at what the Sultan ſaid; *You laugh, (Sir,)* replied he, *and you inquire into a thing, which you already underſtand much better than I, and you muſt give me leave to think, you preſs me, only, that you believe it more diverting recounted by him, that ought not to be without Reſentment, but I am ready to give you that Satisfaction. Homira*, amid'ſt all my Proteſtations of Love, would ſhew, how well ſhe could act a part enjoyn'd her; ſhe pretends then to be jealous of me and the Sultana of *Barbary* (whom I have not ſeen but once ſince my arrival to *Turky*,) proteſts it is true, and that I am beloved again; and ſhe left me, as ſhe ſaid, in order to find you, that my

death ſhould immediately follow the Diſcovery. This ramble, as the Sultan believed it, delivered in the Dreſs and Anger the Prince was in, made *Acmat* laugh more than ever he had done. *To ſatisfie you,* (ſaid that Monarch,) *I will my ſelf go ſearch the Gardens, and bring the Sultana* Homira *to you, and we will endeavour to make you Friends; you ſhall go into this* Grotto, *where* Indamora *is alone, and entertain her with the Relation of this nights Adventure, while I ſhall do as I promiſed.* Homira *may then indeed,* (*Sir,*) return'd Aguſtus, *pretend ſome colour for her Jealouſie. Oh, ridiculous!* (replied the Sultan,) *Do as I command, I am aſſured of* Indamora; *and, as for* Homira, *I will go this moment, and bring that Sultaneſs to you, as I ſaid.*

Whil'ſt the Grand Signior was in perſuit of *Homira*, the Prince entered the *Grotto*, where *Indamora* was, he had juſt leiſure to aſſure her he had been conſtant, learnt her what they had to fear from *Homira*, the Letter ſhe had, and the deſign, and the deſire,

ſire, ſhe expreſs'd to ruin them; at the end of this haſty Relation, *Acmat* entered the *Grotto* alone; *I have found* Homira, ſays he, *but it is impoſſible for me to perſuade her to come hither, ſhe ſtill perſiſts in the ſame Story, and has given me the greateſt Satisfaction of Laughing extremely at her ridiculous ramble; ſhe is Obſtinacy it ſelf; tells me, that your dangerous Malady yeſterday was all feign'd, that it was only to favour* Tiridate Auguſtus, *and more, as impertinent as this.*

'Tis very neceſſary, Sir, replied the Sultana of *Barbary*, I clear my ſelf from that Aſperſion; the Sultaneſs thinks all her Sex of her own Inclinations, becauſe the Religious cannot eſcape her Conqueſt; ſhe believes, (and ſhe has perhaps ſome reaſon,) that I would no more ſcruple to have a Gallant Intrigue with the Prince *Tiridate*, than ſhe with the Mufty; but ah! all Religons will not allow it, *Turky* and *Germany* differ in nothing more, than in that point; when we ingage our ſelves once, it is for ever,

and though nothing can be more ardent and conſtant, than our Loves, yet do we not proceed to Poyſonings, and Death; the Sultan apprehends the occaſion the Sultana of *Barbary* ſaid this from, ſhe had inſinuated to him her Fears, that was grounded on Circumſtances convincing, of *Homira*'s inveterate malice; ſhe believed (ſhe ſaid,) and not without reaſon, that the Poyſon, ſhe had taken, proceeded from her, and I am not to wonder at this laſt effect of her Malice, (perſued *Indamora*;) and, ah! Sir, ſhould you ſuffer theſe Outrages ſo near the Throne, it is time for the unhappy Sultana of *Barbary* to retire her ſelf, when ſhe is no longer loved; for what can be more cruel, than your unjuſt Suſpitions; and if *Homira*, by rendering me culpable, can advance her own Intereſt, how cruel Apprehenſions ought I to have, ſhe will pauſe at nothing to ruin me, and to regain your Heart, give it her then, Sir, if I no longer merit it, I had much rather be unhappy, than render you ſo; Is your Paſſion for

me

me dead? Or, Is it become ſo languid, that you can poſſibly calmly hear my Innocence, and my beſt Actions, aſperſed with the blackeſt of Calumnies, and not ſhew your Reſentments? Good Heavens! How unhappy is *Indamora*, in loſing her dear Sultan, ſo tenderly, a ſhowre of Tears ſucceeded; it was a long time before ſhe could be appeaſed, the Great *Acmat* endeavoured it very unſucceſsfully, 'till he proteſted to her, he would never believe to her diſadvantage, whatever *Homira* could ſay; I have more than once fear'd for you, ſays he, and that haughty Spirit cannot bear Injuries without revenging them; it is poſſible the Poyſon that you took, and which had almoſt coſt me my Life, was the effect of her malicious Humor, but we know what Reaſons ſhe has to hate you, and her Reſentments muſt be pardoned, ſince they have ſuch a motive.

After this, they retired out of the Gardens, the Sultana *Homira* had actually related to the Sultan all ſhe knew

knew of the Intrigue of *Indamora* and *Auguſtus*, but the Relation that that Prince had before made to *Acmat*, hindered her deſigns from taking effect, he believed her fantaſtically mad, and uſed her accordingly, by ridiculing all ſhe ſaid; *No*, (*Sir*,) ſays ſhe, *you will never believe, though you ſhould find her in the Arms of the Religious, which is eaſie enough to be ſeen. Good Heavens!* (perſued ſhe,) *How could I love that ingrateful Prince, that ſacrifices me to* Indamora. This laſt Expreſſion made an end of ruining her deſigns, the Sultan believed, he had then found the riſe of all her Extravagancies, and that it was Jealouſie diſordered her, and that *Auguſtus* having given the Letter ſhe had written to *Indamora*, had created all theſe *Chimera*'s. Thus he returns, (as has been obſerved, after pitying the diſtracted Sultana, (as he call'd her,) and all the Abſurdities ſhe had been guilty of: This made an end of inraging *Homira*, ſhe ſaw the Sultan was ſo prepoſſeſs'd to the contrary, that ſhe deferred giving him the

the Letter *Auguſtus* had ſent to the Sultana of *Barbary*, ſhe aſſured her ſelf, if ſhe ſhould ſhew it him, he would ſcarcely read it, and, at beſt, believe it a thing feign'd on purpoſe, to give credit to all what ſhe had ſaid, which *Tiridate* had addreſs enough to improve, by diſowning he had ever writ it, and the Sultan who ſo paſſionately deſired to find the fair *Indamora* innocent, would not indeavour to diſapprove him, this *Homira* ſees, her rage had left her ſenſe enough to give the ſucceſs the Letter ſhould find to *Zelida*, to order moſt advantageous, and ſhe is going to inſtruct her, in the part ſhe is to Act, for the ruin of the Sultana of *Barbary*, and the Prince *Tiridate*.

Zelida, fully perſuaded of the faithleſsneſs of *Indamora*, prepared to diſcharge her Conſcience, by telling the Grand Signior all ſhe knew, *Homira* animated her the moſt ſhe could, returned her the Letter, learnt her the unſucceſsfulneſs of the diſcovery ſhe had made, and, in ſhort, concluded, that

that a great deal of Cunning would be neceſſary to convince the Sultan of a truth obvious to all the *Seraglio*, and that it would be more diſcreet for *Zelida* to defer yet ſome five days longer the Relation of that they had reſolved on; that mean time, they ſhould perhaps make ſome other diſcoveries, but if they failed of that, *Zelida* ſaid ſhe did not at all queſtion but that the Sultan would believe one that had been ever ſo juſt to him, as ſhe had been.

The Sultana of *Barbary* was become deplorably Melancholy, and after what the Prince had related to her in the Garden of the *Seraglio*, ſhe began to conſider to what unhappineſs her tranſporting Paſſion for him did expoſe her, yet ſhe cannot repent of what ſhe had done, ſhe loves too ardently for ſuch a weakneſs; on the contrary ſhe will add to her Favours, her Tenderneſs conquers her Ambition, and ſhe reſolves with her ſelf, that it is better to live retired and happy, than the moſt glorious Princeſs in the World, to ſuffer

ſuch

ſuch inquietude and conſtraints as ſhe did, ſhe caſts her ſelf then at the Sultans Feet, begs his leave for her to retire from the *Seraglio*, and from *Turky*, pretends Religion and Remorſe of Conſcience, her late dreadful Malady, which had given her a proſpect of Death, and of an Everlaſting Eſtate, and ſaid ſhe ſhould employ the remainder of her Life, to attain a Bleſt Eternity, and that the Ingagements ſhe was in with him were not at all conſiſtent with it; that it was very true, it was the greateſt Temporal Felicity ſhe could have, but then her Eternal Happineſs was ſacrific'd to him; And, added ſhe, I will never believe you love me, if you can ſo eaſily for ſome ſhort moments of Satisfactions, and thoſe of ſo Criminal a Nature, doom your *Indamora* to an Everlaſting reſt of Torments; Remember I have hitherto neglected all reflections of this nature, and ſuffer'd all my remorſe of Conſcience to be calm'd by your Love, but my late miraculous preſervation has awakned me, and let me ſee, I cannot

continue in the ſame ſtation, without appearing highly Criminal to my God; My Religion has ſuffered all manner of perſecution for my Love, and I may ſay, it has even dy'd in your Arms, it is time then for me to alter ſo deadly and ſo charming a manner of living; And, Oh Gods! (added ſhe, as if tranſported) Why were we born with Inclinations proper to diſtinguiſh and affect the Pleaſures of this Life, and not have the liberty of Soul (given us) to enjoy 'em, without ſuch endleſs Rewards of Torment? I would fain perſuade my ſelf, there are none of theſe things to fear, but my babling Conſcience cries alowd againſt all theſe Endeavours, and in a moment cruſhes my Objections into nothing, and aſſures me too fatally of the certainty of it; You your ſelf, nor all your Love (call'd to your aid) could not boaſt of more Eloquence, (towards the confuting of theſe Truths) than I have ſuggeſted (by favour of thoſe Intervals, I would forcibly allow my ſelf to ſnatch from Religion) to the advantage

tage of you, (Sir) and to the advantage of our Paſſion; but alas, muſt I pronounce the Sentence of my own Death, death of Love and Joy? Ah! 'tis too cruel a deſtiny, unhappy *Indamora*, in that ſhe muſt obey; Oh, never, never, cry'd the *Sultan*, taking her in his Arms, Would you deſtroy (not only the Repoſe) but Life of *Acmat*? You take the way that will certainly do it, and if the ſacrifice of it can be pleaſing, bring me Poyſons, offer me Poniards, or whatever way you command for dying, and you ſhall be ſatisfied, that it is neceſſary for me to expire by one of them, 'ere quit the poſſeſſion of you; It is a truth, that perhaps this Action will be accounted Barbarous, but who is it that the Ottoman Emperor can fear, but *Indamora*, that Charming Cruelty; Ah, what is it you cauſe me of *torture*, I am greatly miſerable, it is not out of ſentiments of Religion, but your averſion to me, that you would leave me, how vaſtly unfortunate I am, but though I were aſſur'd you no longer lov'd me, yet

ſhould

ſhould not that be of any advantage to you, you ſhould ſee what a wretched *Monarch*, and in love like me, were capable of, I would not be unhappy alone, I would detain you in the *Seraglio*, and conſtrain you to Embrace a Monarch indifferent to you, while I ſhall ſhare your Afflictions, by conſidering that I am ſo; Let me then once forget the tenderneſs of a *Lover*, and aſſume to me the Majeſty of a *King*, by aſſuring you, I will hear no more of any thing of ſuch a cruel nature, 'tis altogether in vain ever to reaſſume your Deſires, and be ſatisfied Love has render'd it impoſſible for me to live without you. This reſtraint ſerves to make the Sultana of *Barbary* hate the Love, and the Perſon, of the Grand Signior, and after that what Crimes is not ſhe capable of committing, ſhe endeavours ſecretly to eſcape, and with her dear *Aguſtus* to retire into ſome part of the World, where they might uncontrouledly be happy in their Love, but ſhe finds it impoſſible for her to fly, and then began to take more fatal Reſolutions. *Acmat*

Acmat fearing ſhe ſhould endeavour her eſcape (for Conſcience ſake) after he had denied her her liberty, he put the ways of it ſo wholly out of her power, and yet not as immediately proceeding from him, but as a thing barely cuſtomary, that ſhe muſt ſuſpend that deſign, he had ſent her ſome moments after the refuſal of her liberty, immenſe Preſents, and a Letter all tenderneſs, which you may ſee here.

'*TIs impoſſible for me, my dear* Sultana, *to know, how it is that I came to love you ſo tenderly as I do, ah you are more charming than ever yet I ſaw any, and I know no torment either in this Life, or that to come, which I would not joyfully ſubmit to, for the poſſeſſing you an hour; Your Converſation, your Perſon, your Humour, and in fine a thouſand other Charms, are invaluable, and when the moment comes, that I am at any time hurried from you, I would give all that I had dear beſides, to continue with you, though perhaps I have paſſed a great many hours there, but ever my heart remains behind,*

and

and when diſtant from you, I appear but as the ſhadow of Acmat, *let this and* Mahomet *be my witneſs, how tender you are to me; ſatisfie your ſelf, my deareſt* Sultana, *my Cares and my Empires ſhall be ſacrificed to you, ah, why have you demanded the only thing I could refuſe you? Why do not you ask the Crown on the Head of the* Sultana Queen, *rather than what you did? it would not have been ſo difficult for me to have ſeen you obeyed, I would be content to hazard my Glory, the Love of my Subjects, and, in ſhort, my Crowns, to pleaſe you, but this is too cruel a fate, ſee how vaſtly great my Paſſion is, regulate yours by it, and do not repine, at the happineſs of your Sultan.*

After this, he viſited her again; ſhe had learnt, That it was beſt to diſſemble her Rage and her Averſion, and that without it ſhe could not be able to effect any thing conſiderable, ſo that it was not difficult for the great *Acmat* to reconcile her in appearance to his Love; he is ſo well ſatisfied with it, that nothing could make him more,

and

and he leaves her with greater Teſtimonies of his Paſſion, than ever he had yet done.

But the fatal time was now come, that *Zelida* was to make thoſe Diſcoveries to *Acmat*. *Aguſtus* (that amorous Prelate) had not ſeen *Indamora* ſince the night in the Garden of the Seraglio, which was an Age in Love, and which render'd her impatient, and confirm'd her in the Reſolves of Sacrificing all things to her love for him. *Zelida* had no more teſtimony of their Commercce than before; but with that ſhe adventures to the Sultan, proſtrates her ſelf at his feet, (as the cuſtom of thoſe Slaves is,) gave him a full account of what *Homira* had before confuſedly related to him, put the Letter of the Chriſtian Prince into his hands, and retired.

The Sultan read it with an infinite ſurprize, he weigh'd all Circumſtances, and could conclude nothing; he endeavoured to clear the Sultana of *Barbary*, and his Paſſion inſpir'd him with Eloquence in her Defence; but

then

then he would ſay her deſire of quitting the Seraglio was a Proof of her Indifferencie to him, and *Zelida*'s Words, when ſhe recounted *Indamora*'s Indiſpoſition, diſturb'd him more than all. Says that Slave, *I will not tell your Highneſs ſhe feigned, I am not ſure of that, but this I am very certain of, ſhe treated the Prelate very different from what you expected; and had I not known to the contrary, I ſhould have believed it* Acmat, *and no other, eſpecially a Religious Prince.* This, and the Letter he had, and which was found by *Zelida* in the Sultana of *Barbary*'s Robes, confus'd him; he did not at all ſuſpect the Fidelity of that Slave, however he will have the Opinion of *Mahomet Baſſa*; ſome of the Eunuchs are ſent in ſearch of him, whom they return with. *Acmat* bids him be juſt and free with him, (as he was his Monarch and his Friend) and adviſe him in what he ſhould believe, and what he ought to do. He then read the Letter, and recounted all to him, and in ſhort received his Opinion, *That there was nothing*

thing in it, and that the Sultana Homira *had bribed the Slave to act as ſhe did.*

The Grand Signior was enclined enough to believe this; but conſidering the Grand Viſier was the greateſt Friend the Sultana of *Barbary* had in *Turky*, he ſent him away without reſolving on any thing.

The Grand Viſier was no ſooner out of the Seraglio, than that he ſends for his Daughter to him, (who was returned to *Conſtantinople*, and had eſpouſed *Amurath.*) *Mahomet Baſſa* commands her to go to the Sultana of *Barbary*, and give her an account of all, and to adviſe her to throw her ſelf at the Sultan's Feet, tell of *Auguſtus*'s Love to her, and make a falſe Confeſſion of her Cruelty, her Reſolutions of not returning his Paſſion, and an Order ſhe muſt deſire from the great *Acmat* for his Baniſhment, as a Reward for his Preſumption. *She muſt not conſider her Love for the Prince* (ſays the Grand Viſier) *any farther than it ſhall be neceſſary to ſave his Life: They muſt*

muſt both die, if ſhe does not take that Courſe I adviſe her to.

Zayda fail'd not of obeying the Orders of *Mahomet Baſſa*, and in ſhort diſpos'd the Sultaneſs *Indamora* to make that Relation to the Emperour. She haſtens then to the *Sultan*'s Apartment, agitated by a thouſand Fears; and had not a thouſand things diverted her from ſo horrid a Reſolution, ſhe would have Ponyarded him, rather than make a Confeſſion of that nature. However ſhe comes, caſts herſelf at his Feet, covers her Face with a Vail, ſheds a torrent of tears, confeſſes the Preſumption of the Prince *Aguſtus*, his Writing to her in a manner ſo arrogant, her Grief for loſing the Letter before the *Sultan* had ſeen it, and in a word, her deſires of having him Baniſhed; nothing elſe, ſhe ſaid, could ſatisfie her, or atone for his Crimes.

Notwithſtanding the improbability of this Relation of her Cruelty, (ſince the Letter *Acmat* had of *Tiridate*'s was writ in a different ſtyle) yet the *Sultan*, who loved her tenderly, and all eaſie

eaſie as he was to thoſe Impreſſions, he took her up from the ground, ſpake ſuch tender things to her, as none but one ſo much in Love as he could, after a ſuſpicion of that nature; however he loſt for ſome Moments all manner of Reflection, and abandoned himſelf entirely to a great Joy, which was the more ſenſible ſince it ſucceeded ſuch cruel Apprehenſions; and whether he wholly believed her or no, yet certain it is he aſſured her he did: He return'd her the Letter of Prince *Tiridate*, recounted to her all that had been told him, careſſes her more than ever, conducted her back to her Apartment, and aſſured her, *He had not quitted her ſo ſoon, but that he was going to put her Orders in execution for the baniſhing that ingrateful Prince*; which he immediately did, and cauſed the occaſion of it to be made publick.

The Prince was tranſported with Deſpair and Rage at this accident; he came to *Zayda*, threw all the Letters he had received from *Indamora* to her, and deſired ſhe would do him that Juſtice to expoſe them to the abuſed

Sultan, eſpecially the laſt he had received from her, ſince their Interview in the Grotto, which he obliged *Zayda* to read; it was thus.

WHat a cruel Storm have we eſcaped? I cannot counſel you to love me leſs, but adviſe you, for both our Safeties, to be more diſcreet. What a Joy is it to me, to think my dear Prince, who has a Soul the moſt amorous of all, could be inſenſible near ſo charming a Woman as the Sultana Homira; *ſhe allarm'd my hopes, and gave me nothing but Fears. I laugh now at my Credulity; I did ill to diſtruſt you, (my deareſt* Tiridate *) forgive my weakneſs, I will not ask you to pitty it: I have too glorious a Deſtiny to merit ſo much from you: You know what I require, preſerve your Heart and your Love entire for me; I do it for you, and when I ſee the Sultan near me, I always wiſh it the Prince* Aguſtus, *and ceaſe not from inceſſantly making Vows in your Favour.*

See there, ſays the Prince, deteſting *Indamora*'s Crimes, (and after *Zayda* had read it) ſee how ſhe deſerves to be treated. *Zayda* uſed her Endeavours

vours to calm him, and it was with much difficulty ſhe perſuaded him to continue at the Grand Viſier's Palace, till ſhe ſhould return from the *Seraglio*, where ſhe was going.

The Intereſts of *Indamora* were too near hers, to neglect ſerving her in this point; ſhe came then to the *Sultana* of *Barbary*, who was drowned in rage; nothing (ſhe ſaid) but the life of the *Sultan*, ſhould ſatisfie her: Her Deſigns of Revenge (ſhe added) were noble, and ſhe would, for once, be greatly cruel. *Zayda* did not much reflect on what ſhe heard, ſhe only minded the Sultana of *Barbary*, how much her Friend ſhe was, reſtor'd her the Letters, and in this ſerved the Prince *Aguſtus* better than by obeying his Orders; *Indamora* immediately threw 'em to the flames, tenderly Embraced *Zayda*, and yielded to go to the Grand Viſiers Palace with her, there to ſee the unfortunate *Aguſtus*; ſhe hated her ſelf for what ſhe had done, and the Sultan much more for it; ſhe wept to *Tiridate*, calm'd his rage, by aſſuring him, that nothing but to ſave

him from expiring, by the Orders of the unjuſt *Sultan*, could have made her guilty of ſuch a ſin; ſhe aſſures him ſhe will attone for it by an action worthy her Love, and that ſhe was going to endeavour, by one blow, to attain to her own Liberty, and ſhare his Baniſhment with him. Mean time, till ſhe ſhould be able to effect what ſhe had promiſed, he muſt ſubmit to the Orders that had been given for his Exile; that he ſhould retire himſelf to *Italy*, till ſhe ſhould order his Return. As for her, ſhe ſaid, after her departure from *Turky*, ſhe would go to *Germany*, and to the Emperor's Court, and uſe all her endeavours for his Return from that Exile, or if ſhe ſhould not be able to effect it, ſhe would however end her Life with him, ſince nothing but Death was of force enough to extinguiſh the Paſſion ſhe had for him. *Auguſtus* returned this tenderneſs; and after having given reciprocally their Vows of Loving for ever, they prepared to leave one another, but with ſo many tranſports of Sorrow, Grief and Paſſion, that they were not capa-

capable of ſpeaking; and the Prince, who was hurried away by his cruel Deſtiny, left the *Sultana* ſwooning in the Arms of *Zayda*, to whom he render'd a thouſand Expreſſions of Gratitude, and left *Conſtantinople* and *Turky*, with an inconceivable Regret.

The *Sultana* of *Barbary* (after her Recovery from her Swoon) learnt the Departure of the Prince with a vexatious Sorrow; but ſhe muſt dry her Tears, and prepare for her Return to the *Seraglio*: She will be fatally revenged, but not yet, ſhe has not an opportunity of doing it without Noiſe; ſhe is conſtrained (to take off all ſuſpicion) to render her Acknowledgments to the *Sultan*, for baniſhing *Aguſtus*; ſhe is alſo forc'd to diſſemble more than ever; ſhe appears gay when ſhe is mortally afflicted, and tender to the Sultan, while ſhe is ſearching for a way to be reveng'd on him. She becomes cruel, and, Oh, Horror! at laſt reſolves on the moſt barbarous of Murders; her Reſentments have a fatal termination, and her Rage ſuggeſted to her, that nothing but his Death could

repair the Injuries he had done her, and render her again happy in her Love; she did not reflect on the Greatness of her Crime, (her dear Prelate had Power to absolve her of it,) and those in Love never believe that thing a Sin, which is so highly serviceable to their Passion.

The Sultana *Homira* (mean time,) was full enough of Rage, to see how *Indamora* had prevented her designs, but she has address to pass over her regret, she resolves now no more to endeavour the revenging her self, since she has so continually failed in it, but she will invert all to a design of gratifying her tender Inclinations, and that she will care for nothing beyond making new Conquests; and she does not now seem to be sorry, the Grand Visier had the last Revenge, since she saw by it his Love for her was not extinguish'd, and those of a passionate Character, had very seldom an ill Reception from her in the end.

But whil'st she has thus disposed of her self, and that the whole Ottoman Empire enjoy'd a Tranquility beyond all

all Example, the Sultana of *Barbary* will diſturb it; and having got a ſlow Poyſon, ſhe conveys it into a Glaſs where the Sultan was to drink, he ſupped with her that fatal Night, and whil'ſt he is more admired than ever by all the World, he falls by the extreme malice of a Woman, and a Woman ſo dear to him; he drank the Poyſon, and returned very well to his own Apartment, and does not feel the effects of it 'till the following day, then it was that he was torn with extremity of Torture, and that all the Court deſpaired of his Life, but he linguered yet ſome few days longer; there was none, that durſt ſay, he was poyſoned, and if any ſuſpected it, they did not make their opinion publick, it paſſed for a dreadful Malady, which he had before been afflicted with, and he died (in the opinion of all,) of that Diſtemper.

During his Sickneſs, he expreſs'd a tender regret for parting with his dear Sultana, (as he would call her,) but his great Weakneſs, and the publick Affairs, together with that of his Soul, ſo em-

ploy'd

ploy'd his haſty time, that he ſaw the Sultana of *Barbary* but very ſeldom.

By his Death *Muſtapha* was Grand Signior, (a thing never before known in *Turky*,) the Brothers being always Slain, but *Acmat* having no Children, and being one of the beſt of Princes, preſerved him to ſucceed him; and at his quitting the World, he tenderly required from his Kindneſs, a Protection for the Sultana of *Barbary*.

Muſtapha (now the Sultan,) had not long poſſeſs'd the Crowns and Title, then that his Nephew *Oſmen* rebels againſt him; but that being not my Buſineſs, I muſt paſs it over to come to the Sultana of *Barbary*, ſhe mourned ſtrictly for *Acmat*, and was very well pleaſed, that ſhe was no manner of way ſuſpected (nor, in a word, any elſe,) for the murdering of him.

After her firſt mourning, ſhe implored, and received, Permiſſion of *Muſtapha* to retire from *Turky*; which, in effect, ſhe did, not long after, with thoſe deſigns which we have already related, in her Orders to the Prince *Tiridate Auguſtus* at his departure from *Conſtantinople*.

FINIS.

The Key—

Turkey -----	England
Constantinople	London
Germany ---	France
Emp^r. of Germany	K. of France
Acmet ----- Grand Signior	Charles. 2. K. of England
Mustapha—	Ja^s. Duke of York & of new K. James 2.
Mahomet Bassa.	Geo. D. of Buckingha.
Sultana Queen	Cath: consort of K. Cha. 2—
Indamora —— Sultena of Barbary	Louise Dss. of Portsmouth—
Homira ------	Barb^a. Dss. of Cleveland
Noble Turk—	Roger E. of Caskemore
Alcander -----	
Tiridate Augustus chief of the Religious	Phil: de Vendôme grand-prior of France
Arch-Dutchess—	Dss. of Orleans
Zayda ----	Susan L^d. Bellasyse of Osgodby— wife of S^r. Hen. Bellasyse— ob: 1713—
Dau^r. of the King of Fahis ----	Maria Beatrix d'Este married Ja^s. D. of York 1673—